

THE

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METHODIST MAGAZINE

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1928

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in January 1778

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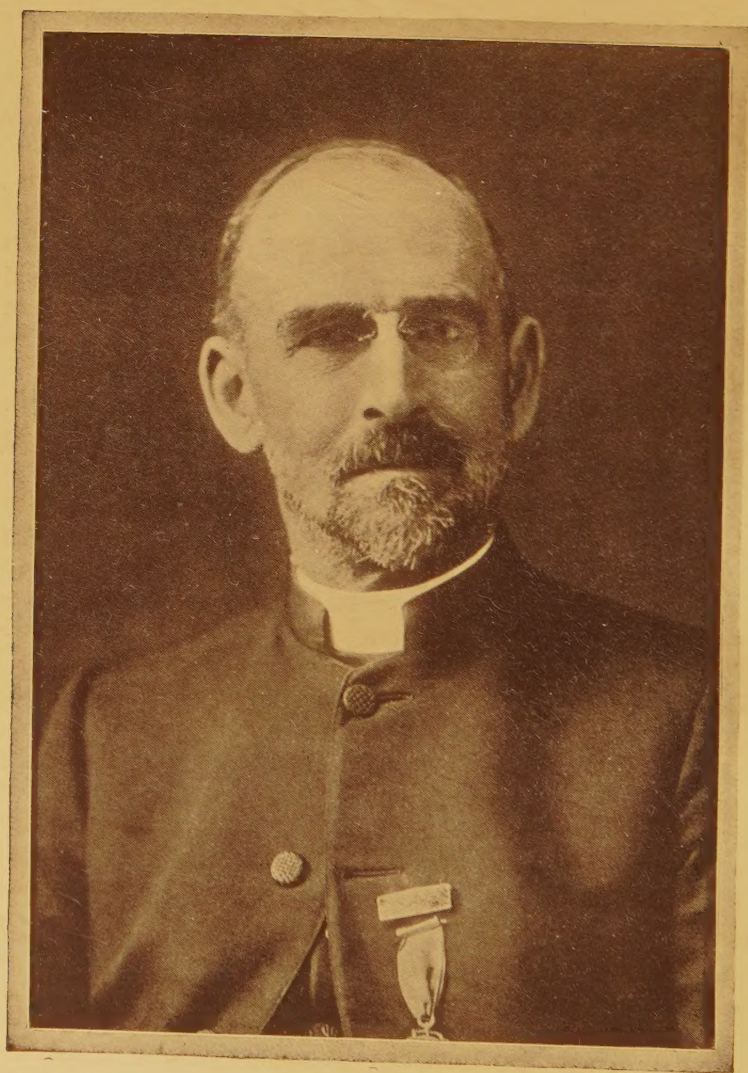


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Yours Sincerely
W. Hodson Smith

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 January, 1928

Our January Number

By THE EDITOR

A Bright Outlook.

WE begin the year with many encouragements, and this January number will show what skilled brains and pens are helping us to make the oldest Magazine in the world one of the most attractive and instructive. The President and his family are dear to us all, and here is a picture that will call up memories of Dr. Stephenson, Dr. Arthur Gregory, and an army of heroic helpers. Dr. Lidgett's *Reminiscences* take us into another world of vast responsibilities; Mr. Weatherhead leads us into a realm of practical wonders; Dr. Maldwyn Hughes lights up the spiritual side of life in a series which will capture all devout readers. Mr. Valentine Chirol's memorable story no one can afford to overlook: 'Life from a Manse Window' is vivid and amusing. The Great Hebrew Song of valiant hearts still inspires hope and courage, and Mr. Farnsworth brings out not only its history but its message for our own times. We are happy to have Mrs. Kernahan's pen again at our service, and her stories are as full of sagacity and sympathy as ever. Music and Poetry are well represented, and the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse is still happily in our roll of literary masters. The extracts from Coke's *Journal* are of historic interest for both sides of the Atlantic. Major Edwards' first paper on Wesley and our soldiers brings out a remarkable and most interesting phase of his activities. Our circulation has grown and those who share the warm appreciation sent us by the Rev. Henry Burgess, of Cape Breton, now have their opportunity to get the *Methodist Magazine* its rightful place in every Methodist home.

The Impatience of a Parson.

For fifteen years the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard has been brooding over the condition of Institutional Religion, but during all that time he could not see how it could be remedied. This book, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is an attempt to point out a path along which we may travel towards the

'Recovery of Vital Christianity.' No one can fail to see that its sole aim is 'to make the Lord Christ more real and His Society more humane and effectual.' He is 'convinced that the world is looking for a fresher, truer, and larger vision of the religion of Jesus Christ, and that it is justified in requiring it.' Mr. Sheppard is convinced that there never was a moment in history more urgently in need of the saving power of a large and fearless religion. There we are all at one with him. It is 'Christianity or Catastrophe.' John Wesley would have endorsed Mr. Sheppard's view that 'we of the Christian Churches should now attempt individually to enlarge our hearts by a greater adventure in the art of Christian living, by increase of thought and constant communication in prayer with Jesus Christ Himself, so that we may be great enough to comprehend the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

Following Christ.

Mr. Sheppard says that the outstanding contribution which Jesus Christ made to religion was His belief in the goodness and availability of God. The only virtues which He claimed for Himself were meekness and humility. He was the most radiant man of His day in Galilee, and His happiness was due to perpetual self-giving. Why are the leaders of Christendom not more explicitly revolutionary and discontented? Mr. Sheppard says, and we heartily agree with him, that till the Churches allow the right of free entry and the privilege of full communion to members of other Churches, who are wholly devoted to Christ, they cannot expect to be stamped with the imprimature of God's approval or man's enthusiasm.

The Methodist Bible and Prayer Union.

Dr. Stephenson started The Methodist Bible and Prayer Union, which is still vigorously alive. This is the moment to join it, and many would find it a real help to their daily devotion. Its monthly Notes have been edited with spiritual insight for sixteen years by the Rev. G. Beesley Austin, and tune the mind and heart for prayer. A daily portion of Scripture, a passage for family reading, an appropriate hymn, and a suggested subject for prayer are given with notes that can be read in two or three minutes. New members should write to the Children's Home, and enrol their names there.

John Telford

The President and his Family

By JOHN H. LITTEN

THE significant fact about the President's family is that it is reckoned by thousands, nor can there be any adequate appreciation of this year's occupant of John Wesley's chair, without reference to the arduous responsibilities he carries in seeking the happiness and success in life of the four thousand boys and girls who are assembled in the numerous Branches of the National Children's Home and Orphanage, of which he is the much-loved Principal. Like Swinburne's temple,

... whose transepts are measured by miles,
Whose chancel has morning for priest,

this family is gathered together under a roof that covers the whole country, whilst nearly twenty thousand of its sons and daughters have gone forth from its hospitable shelter, and are to-day scattered all over the world.

In order to form any just estimate of the contribution William Hodson Smith is making through the work he superintends, to the building up of a brighter and better future for so large a community, one would have to share some of his strenuous days, to note the variety and difficulty of the complex problems which are constantly arising, and also to catch something of the inspiration and hopefulness, which are never absent, when such work is done for boys and girls.

Once a month a Committee meets in London, before which come for consideration most of the new applications for admission to the Children's Home, the President being in the chair, and conducting the necessary investigations. The examination of some sixty or seventy different life stories constitutes an average day's work on this Committee, and it is a task requiring a quick discernment of human character, a wide knowledge of procedure, a balanced judgement which unerringly can weigh the evidence, and withal a true compassion that is swift to see another's need, and ready to bear another's burden. Here are human stories, often pathetic, sometimes tragic, and occasionally not lacking in humour, but all raising questions of far-reaching consequence that must be dealt with swiftly, kindly, and without mistake. To such a task, the President is constantly bringing his gifts of sound judgement, wide experience, and unfailing sympathy.

4 THE PRESIDENT AND HIS FAMILY

Even more exciting are the multitudinous affairs in the daily administration of so large a family, with its staff of some five hundred workers; and rightly to estimate the President's work and ministry, some account must be taken of the main principles of the Children's Home which have evolved during nearly sixty years of honest endeavour to solve the problems committed to it.

Developing Home Life.

Primarily all its organization is directed toward the formation and development of home life. Many of these children have lost their homes, some never had any, whilst for all of them the main hope of effective help is to give them a home where they will be loved individually, and from which they will presently go forth to do their work in the world. To find the right helpers in so exacting a ministry is one of the responsibilities the President constantly has to bear, and by it the most effective and enduring work of the Children's Home is being done.

The efficient care of so considerable a family necessitates also much detailed attention to education, and in this regard William Hodson Smith was able to bring to his work as Principal of the Children's Home, a wide experience gathered in other fields, so that steadily the standard of education has risen. Some of the Branches possess their own schools staffed by trained and competent teachers, and under the inspection of the Board of Education. From other Branches the children attend the elementary schools of the neighbouring towns and villages, and a considerable number have entered secondary schools, often by the help of scholarships they have won for themselves. One of the proudest possessions of the Home is its long list of scholastic successes. Given the necessary ability and industry, the way is open for Children's Home boys and girls to complete their training at a University. Some have already done this, and others are doing it now.

Technical Training in Workshops.

After school years comes the technical training of the workshops. To send forth, year by year, a steady stream of trained and competent young workmen necessitates a wide and wise provision of possible vocations, that those who leave the Home may have in their own hands, the means of winning and maintaining for themselves some worthy position in the world of industry.

There are also special difficulties in the President's family, requiring special methods of dealing with them. It will be no

matter for surprise that amidst so many little people, many of whom have been rescued from conditions which made good health impossible, extensive provision must be made by hospital and sanatorium for the care and cure of those who have fallen by the way. As well as guiding the affairs of a great Home, administering the education of its schools, and providing for its technical training, the President is also responsible for a special health ministry that is fulfilling the Methodist tradition of 'going to those who need you, but especially to those who need you most.'

At the centre of all such organization, and providing the mainspring of its activities is the consciousness that such a ministry of mercy is a broad and practical application of the Gospel of Christ. The President's varied activities are essentially those of a Christian minister, and it must be no small gratification to the Church, to realize that her work for the children of need has found such a complete and comprehensive expression.

The President's Early Ministry.

Coming events have a way of casting their shadows before, and it is interesting and significant to note the stages of the President's earlier ministry which were preparing him for the work he is now called to do. During his early terms of service at Barrow-in-Furness and Whitehaven, the evidences manifested of evangelistic power, marked organizing ability and tireless industry led to his selection by Charles Garrett to join him in the pioneer work of the Liverpool Mission. Here for nine strenuous years the present President gave ceaselessly of his best, and helped to establish one of Methodism's greatest contributions to the social service of her times. Amidst the many problems of the crowded districts of Liverpool, William Hodson Smith had to face fairly and squarely the social and economic implications of the Christian evangel, and to decide for himself whether his life's work was to be the preaching of an ideal, or whether, by taking hold of life with both hands, that ideal could be established on the earth. The Gospel message of love and joy and peace had to be carried to those who often were hard pressed to find their daily bread, its new hope had to be built up in the drab lives of men and women broken by intemperance and bound by evil habit, and its 'more abundant life' had to be realized for children, who in their poverty and neglect lacked the elementary needs of life itself. Such considerations as these made preaching practical, giving to it a note of Apostolic

audacity, and making the message of the Cross the challenge to a great crusade.

From Liverpool to Scarborough was an almost complete change in conditions. The church at South Cliff still has many memories of the President's ministry, and notably of its Home Missionary aggression which filled the Londesborough Theatre on Sunday evenings after the usual church services. This was thirty years ago when such methods were novel and daring experiments, not having then gathered the abundant justifications of the many successful experiences of later years.

Twelve Years in Cornwall.

The President's twelve years in Cornwall are an interesting chapter in the romance of modern Methodism. Here the fires of fervour had never died down since the days of the Wesleys, but conditions had vastly changed. The closing of so many of the Cornish mines and the steady stream of emigration overseas had sadly depleted the resources of the church. To bring new life to town and country was a task calling for inspiring leadership and indefatigable toil. The North Cornwall Mission alone was a circuit with forty churches, six ministers, and a hundred local preachers. Extensive alterations in existing property, the erection of new churches—notably the fine building at Newquay—more than doubled the value of Methodist property in the Mission, whilst the quickened devotion and enthusiasm of the Cornish people commenced a new era of hope and opportunity.

One very substantial result of the labours of these busy years was the sending into the ministry of our own and other churches, of at least nine young men of promise who are to-day, with Cornish fire, fulfilling the ministry of the Gospel. As Chairman of a wide District, beside 'those things which came upon him daily in the care of all the churches,' were civic responsibilities as Alderman of the County of Cornwall, in which he was able to render valuable service to secondary education.

A Happy Home Life.

Prominent amongst the helpful influences of these varied and eventful years, and of great significance and value to the Children's Home, have been the President's happy home life, and the active and gracious participation of Mrs. Hodson Smith and their daughter in the President's ministry. So busy a life must leave him but little time for his own home circle, but the grace and charm which have widened that circle to include so many others within its influence, and have enabled them to share its happy, helpful atmosphere, constitute a great gift by the

President and his family to the church he loves so well, and has served with such an unfailing devotion.

It will be remembered that soon after John Wesley had felt his heart 'strangely warmed' in the little meeting house in Aldersgate Street, he was busy at Newcastle-on-Tyne with the founding of an Orphan Home for the care of homeless children. The warmed heart and the helping hand go well together. It is a combination that has worked excellently for Methodism throughout the years, and is still maintaining and enriching one of the most treasured traditions of our church.

The Workers' Hymn

By JAMES T. EAST

LET us praise the Lord whose mercies
 Strew our path from day to day;
 Who, in love, to us has granted
 Time for rest and hearts to pray.
 Through the week our gracious Master
 Walked beside us, though unseen;
 And His help was all-sufficient;
 As our day our strength has been.

Jesus, Son of God, our Kinsman,
 In Thy name we gather here;
 O fulfil the precious promise,
 In the midst do Thou appear.
 Now, as to the first disciples
 On that joyous Easter Day,
 Come, O Lord, for doubt and sorrow
 In Thy presence melt away.

Hear us, Lord, for those whose duties
 Keep them from the house of prayer—
 Good physicians, kindly nurses,
 Mothers with their ceaseless care;
 Bless our faithful brothers working
 This day for the common good;
 While with hand and brain they labour
 Feed their souls with angels' food.

When the day of rest is ended—
 Priceless boon to weary man—
 May we all be nearer heaven
 Than we were when it began.
 Through the coming days, Lord Jesus,
 Give us grace, where'er we be,
 So to live that our example
 May lead other souls to Thee.

Some Values of Hypnotism in Religion

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

IT will seem strange to many that there can be any connexion between hypnotism and religion, for hypnotism is regarded in so many quarters as suspect. Men still shrink from it as from one of the black arts. This is not to be surprised at when one knows its history. It has been exploited and misused by the magic-monger and the organizer of crude exhibitions in village market-places and the like, until it has come to be regarded almost as an unholy thing. This attitude to it has been the more readily taken because the subject is so little understood. One of the tasks of modern psychology will be to rescue the practice of hypnotism from this degrading position and show it to be, in skilled hands, a normal way of making an examination of the unconscious mind, and of suggesting to that mind, ideas which afterwards will be realized by the personality to the great benefit of the latter.

A Working Description of Hypnosis.

In this article we do not intend to trace the history of hypnosis back to the time when the superstitious view was held that the hypnotizer possessed some occult power which passed into the subject in the form of some magic fluid. This superstition is now exploded. Nor do we intend to go into a technical discussion of the state of the mind in the hypnotic trance, for this would not be of interest to the general reader, though those who practise hypnotism ought to be thoroughly well read in this branch of the subject. Macdougall explains the state of hypnosis in terms of neurokyme and synaptic resistance. Professor William Brown explains it in terms of dissociation. Bernheim, Lloyd Tuckey, and others are content to explain it in terms of suggestion. Whichever explanation is true we may regard the last named as, at any rate, a working description of hypnosis. It is a state of increased suggestibility. The critical faculty of the mind, the power to reject an idea, is for the time being inhibited, and the mind tends to accept any idea which is given to it. Moreover, ideas and impressions which the mind has held in its grip for many years can sometimes be got rid of. It is established that the mind retains in the depths of the unconscious all impressions it has ever had since consciousness

first dawned. If all these impressions are likened to sheets of paper with a heavy weight on the top it will be readily perceived that in adult life—imagining the weight as gradually increasing—it is very difficult, if not impossible, to slip an impression out of the mind which comes near the bottom of the pile, that is, which was registered early in life. It may also be difficult to get an impression in. But if the weight be taken off the top, and the weight of the papers themselves eased, it is not so difficult to slip one sheet out, or to slip another sheet in, or both.

Recovering Past Events.

We know that given a sufficient stimulus it is possible for the mind to recover the memory of any event which has happened since conscious life began. When a man is drowning such a stimulus is provided, and if he is rescued he will often say that all the incidents of his life passed before him as if a cinema film was being shown. To use our own illustration, we may say that the weight is removed and all the sheets of paper are turned over as one might turn over the leaves of a book. In hypnosis this imaginary weight is also lessened, and while the patient is in the hypnotic trance an impression received in the mind very early in life may be recovered. If the state of trance is really deep, exceedingly early impressions can be recovered. In my own psychological work I have been able to recover from an adult patient, impressions received into the mind at the age of three. Professor William Brown, of London, has recovered impressions received into the mind in the first year of life. When one is trying to cure people by psycho-analysis, the power to recover early impressions, particularly those of a harmful nature, is a very important part of the technique indeed, for by recovering them we may rob them of their power to harm. In hypnosis, also, ideals may be inserted *into* the mind. The critical faculty being inhibited these ideas can be received by the mind without question. And an idea received into the mind tends to actualize itself in reality. It will be seen that if one is trying to cure a person by the method of suggestion, the power to make a person so suggestible that any idea presented to the mind will be received and actualized is again a very useful power indeed.

Light may be thrown on the process of inducing hypnosis by imagining an Aberdeen policeman controlling traffic at cross-roads. He lifts his hand and stops one lot of traffic, he sweeps the other arm in the familiar gesture and another lot of traffic passes him. In other words, he stops one lot of traffic and passes another according to his own desire. Suddenly he espies a silver

shilling on the ground. His attention is riveted to the shilling, (we were careful to state his origin), and while his attention is so held, the traffic may pass him both ways without him taking any interest at all in it. When a person is hypnotized his attention is riveted in some way, as for instance, by fixing his gaze on some bright object. He is told to relax his body on a couch, to try and make his mind a blank as far as possible, and he is gradually allowed to fall into an induced sleep. When the eyelids close he is still instructed to fix on the field of darkness the image of the bright object at which he was formerly looking, and while he is in this state of quiet repose ideas, like the traffic, can pass his attention, both coming into the mind and going out from the mind.

A Means of Soul-Healing.

It will be seen at once that, in skilled hands, we have here a very valuable means of achieving the healing of the soul. A man may suffer from a physical paralysis, the origin of which is merely psychological. I have seen such a case in which the origin of a paralysis was a sin committed in youth, bottled up, repressed as we say, and pathologically forgotten. By being able, through hypnosis, to explore the patient's mind, to help him to recover the memory of the actual incident; by being able to rob the memory of that incident of its painful emotions and reassociate it with healthy emotions; by pushing into the patient's mind strong suggestions concerning the power of God to forgive, I was able to bring about a complete cure, and in my own psychological work such instances as this could be multiplied many times.

When we remember how many ills in life can be traced to psychological sources, phobias, obsessions, neuroses, and the extraordinary grip of secret sexual imaginings and sins, and when we remember further how many of these are capable of religious treatment, and that in our religion we have the most powerful suggestions capable of influencing the mind, then the therapeutic values of religious suggestion under hypnosis become important, and the minister of the future will tend, more and more, one hopes, to be a qualified psychologist, and will find that there is a large area which is quite definitely his sphere and his sphere alone. There are troubles, to which flesh is heir, which are purely physical. This is the sphere of the physician and surgeon. There are troubles which are psychological in origin, and at the same time we may call them secular, (cases of shell-shock are amongst these). This is the sphere of the lay

psychotherapist and psychoanalyst, but there are many troubles having all the appearance of physical disability which are not only psychological but spiritual. Their origin is a disharmony of the soul, (a refusal to accept the idea of forgiveness, for instance). This is purely the sphere of such ministers, who, by their psychological insight and power to give skilled advice, may call themselves doctors of souls. Few ordinary physicians and few lay psychoanalysts will tell a man that the cause of his trouble is sin. Fewer still will tell him that a cure might be reached if only certain great religious truths were realized, and here the equipped minister of religion has a vast field of efficiency and power.

Stages in Hypnosis.

Some brief account of the various stages of hypnosis may be interesting, though one shades into the other and no strict classification can be made. Liébault classifies as follows. First a state in which the eyelids become heavy. There is a sense of drowsiness, but there is also complete consciousness, and commonly in this state the patient refuses to believe that he is hypnotized at all. As this stage passes into the next, voluntary movements, commonly carried out by reflex action, can be inhibited. In the second stage there is a certain degree of catalepsy. The patient is unable to open his eyes when told that he cannot do so, or is unable or able to raise a limb according to the suggestion made. It will be seen how valuable this knowledge is to distinguish between a paralysis caused by hysteria and a paralysis caused by a lesion. The third is a very drowsy stage with a subsequent partial forgetting of what happened during the trance. Fourth, a stage in which the patient ceases to be in relation with the outer world and only hears what is said by the operator. In this stage it is possible to suggest anaesthesia, and in my own experiments, in order to discover to which stage the patient has got, I have found that one may drive a needle into the flesh, even to the point of drawing blood, and no sensation of pain will be felt by the patient. I once suggested this to a missionary as a valuable art, if, as is so often the case in one's jungle travels, one drops upon a person suffering agonies of pain the nature of whose case forbids the use of a drug, and for whom a long torturing journey in a bullock cart to hospital would, in the ordinary way, be the only possible means of help. The fifth stage we might call somnambulistic, because during this stage, if the right suggestions are made, the patient will walk about the room.

Moreover, in this stage illusions can be suggested. Wingfield in his book tells of a lady brought into this stage of hypnosis who was told that her favourite cat had had its tail chopped off. Even when she recovered from the trance she was found fondling the animal and bemoaning that it had been so cruelly treated, when all the time the tail was there as usual. One of the most interesting experiments in my own work concerning this stage was to ask the patient to write her name on a sheet of paper. Her name contained two E's. It was then suggested to her that there is no such letter as 'E' in the English language. She was then asked to write her name again, and she wrote it without the 'E's. The sixth stage is a stage of complete amnesia, in which the patient can be given suggestions which will be worked out definitely after he has awakened from the hypnotic sleep. For instance, I have suggested to the same patient that on awaking she would remove a slave-bangle from one arm to the other, and on awaking she immediately carried out this act, and when asked why, said that it was getting tight on her arm. She was entirely unconscious of any mental influence.

An Interesting Experiment.

The most interesting experiment carried out on this particular patient (who, by the way, is very interested in the subject and willing to be experimented upon) was one witnessed by a fellow minister in order that any thought that one was exaggerating might be removed. Under deep hypnosis the suggestion was made that her arm was to be burnt with a red-hot poker. At once she manifested all the muscular movements which one would make if one were consciously threatened in this way. I then touched her arm with the blunt end of my fountain pen. As soon as the pen touched her arm she shrank back with a little cry. The arm was carefully bandaged and the bandage was sealed, and the patient was told not to touch it. After twenty-four hours the bandage was removed, and the arm showed a sear just as though it had really been touched with a hot iron. The minister who was present at the experiment was also present when the arm was unbandaged and examined. It should be added that the patient felt no pain. This is a very impressive evidence of the fact that an idea once received into the mind will actualize, and in hypnosis, the power to reject an idea being for the time inhibited, a suggestion given, tends to have a greater poignancy than when given during consciousness. We see at once the value of this in trying to cure a trouble the origin of which is in the mind, even if the results are physical. At the

same time, in many cases an effect secured under hypnosis tends to last for only a short time and in every case of psychotherapy care ought to be taken by the psychologist that he is not treating a symptom by suggestion, but that he is digging down to the root idea which caused the disability.

The Danger of the Art.

A great deal has been written about the dangers of hypnosis. By what has been written above these dangers will be apparent, yet given that the psychologist is thoroughly well up in his knowledge of the subject, and given that he is a person of character, these dangers are very greatly exaggerated. By some it is alleged that no person should be hypnotized, because no person should ever give up his will to another. This is a strange argument, for every time a person steps into a motor car driven by another he gives up his will to the driver, and if one breaks one's leg and a physician insists on strapping it to a piece of wood until natural forces shall make the wood unnecessary, we do not cry out that our will has been given up. Yet in hypnosis an injured mind is only fixed in a certain way for a certain time while healing ideas and therapeutic forces work unhindered, making subsequent fixing of the mind unnecessary.

Comforting Facts.

Those who feel a certain natural hesitation in the matter of hypnotism may comfort themselves with two established facts. One is that no person can ever be hypnotized against his will, and secondly that no person when hypnotized can be made to do anything against his deep principles. It is an astonishing fact in regard to the second point, that if a person is hypnotized and a toy revolver or dagger is put into the hand and the suggestion made that another should be murdered, the subject will often go through the act of murdering completely, but if a real weapon be substituted, the subject will, more often than not, put it down and refuse to do anything with it. One wonders whether a Scotchman could be made to sign a blank cheque.

An incident which lights up this second point also, while unpleasant, is deeply indicative. At the Salpêtrière in Paris a number of persons of importance, magistrates and professors, had assembled to watch a display of hypnotism. A very suggestible subject, called Witt, had been hypnotized, and was still in a deep trance when the notables left the hall. A few students played an unworthy trick. They told Witt that she was alone at home and that she was to strip and take a bath. Witt, who had carried out all the earlier suggestions, awakened at

once in hysterics. Maudsley, in his book *The Pathology of the Mind*, thus comments, 'It is interesting to note that the hypnotized subject will not commonly do an indecent or criminal act; the command to do it is too great a shock to the sensibilities of his brain, and accordingly arouses its suspended functions.'

In conclusion, though hypnosis is not to be regarded as a method to be used where other methods would suffice, yet with proper safeguards, and in skilled hands, it will yet come into its own as an amazing method of making an examination of the unconscious mind in the search for those hidden and repressed complexes which do so much to disturb the harmony of so many lives, and as a means to get into the mind those suggestions of confidence, strength, well being, and courage, which in many cases can alone bring about the health and strength of body, mind, and soul.

A Hymn of Peace

By T. A. LINDSAY

O THOU who in the heavens hast stablished peace,
Whose wise command the circling worlds obey,
When will the conflict of the nations cease
And earth's proud kingdoms own Thy sovereign sway?

The widow's cause before Thy throne is laid,
The little children cry, O Lord, to Thee,
The glories of the warrior's conquests fade
Beneath the shadow of our misery.

Send forth the knowledge of Thy holy love,
That men may spend their strength in service true;
The veil of hatred from their eyes remove,
That each may see his brother man anew.

Upon the Church shed Thou the cleansing light,
That all Thy people may discern Thy will;
Let Zion be, amid the world's dark night,
A holy city set upon a hill.

Deliver us from vain and low desire,
From proud ambition and the lust of gold;
Rekindle in Thy Church the sacred fire
Of simple love, as in the days of old.

May we exalt the dear redeeming grace
Of Him who suffered death for our release!
Till all mankind shall see His blessed face,
And find beneath the cross the way of peace.

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

XIII.

Leader of the L.C.C. Progressives.

IN March, 1918, I was elected, with surprising unanimity, to the Leadership of the Progressive Party on the London County Council, in succession to Sir John Benn, who resigned on the ground of serious ill-health. I had been Leader of the Party on the Education Committee since 1913. A war-time Coalition between the Municipal Reformers and the Progressives had been brought about at the beginning of 1917. This arrangement had been very actively supported by Sir John Benn, and generally approved by Mr. Harry Gosling, then Leader of the Labour Party on the Council, though he himself cautiously abstained from joining it. When the project was first mooted to me I pointed out that joint responsibility for policy on the Council would involve joint responsibility for it to the electors. The Coalition, however, had the immediate advantages of agreement in upholding the essential services during the final strain of the War, while fulfilling patriotic demands, of securing practically unanimous agreement, for the time being, with Mr. Fisher's Education policy and of making friendly co-operation possible in determining a united programme of reconstruction possible after the War.

A Progressive Reconstruction Policy.

In October, 1918, I took the lead by publishing a progressive policy of reconstruction in *The Contemporary Review*. The programme I outlined contained as its principal items, the reform of London Government, Housing and Slum clearance, together with advance in all grades of Education and all types of Schools. All these main objects were subsequently adopted by the Municipal Reform Party and set forward in their Manifesto for the Election of March 1919. Union in the essentials of a Reconstruction Policy led, as its inevitable corollary, to mutual forbearance at the election. In the absence of serious questions in dispute and of the apathy that succeeded the War, the election aroused comparatively little interest. Only a small proportion of the Electors went to the poll, and I was returned for the third time as member for Rotherhithe by a majority of nearly two to one over my half-hearted Labour Party opponents. The new Council secured the appointment of a Royal Commission on

London Government, set on foot a great Housing Scheme, in partnership with the Government, on the lines laid down by Mr. Addison, the Minister of Health, and established a complete system of Day Continuation Schools, as the first and last, so it turned out, attempt to carry out that provision of Mr. Fisher's Education Act. A far-reaching scheme of general Educational Advance was also laid out, which has formed the basis of the Council's policy ever since. Some explanation of all these projected reforms is necessary.

The Need for Reform.

The need for the Reform of London Government was created by the fact that whereas in 1889 the bulk of the people of London resided within the County, the immense growth of Greater London has led to a shrinkage of population within the County and such vast overflows into the Counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex, that in 1925 the population of the County was 4,500,000, while the population of Greater London outside the County amounted to 3,000,000. Great multitudes work within the County and sleep outside it. Hence the essential services of Transport, Drainage, Electrical Supply, Housing, Public Health, and Education outreach the County and ought to be dealt with by a Municipal Authority, whose area should not be less than that of the Metropolitan Police District of Greater London. The only alternative is the multiplication of *ad hoc* authorities, with the result that Municipal responsibility and power will be reduced to a minimum. The case was laid before the Royal Commission, but was rejected owing largely to the opposition of the County of Middlesex. As a result of this defeat composite and undemocratic Boards have been established to deal with Traffic and Electricity. Housing Estates have been planted beyond the County—as at Becontree—under the management of the L.C.C., which impose administrative burdens for Education, Public Health, &c., on local authorities that are reluctant and scarcely able to bear them, while it remains impossible to devise the comprehensive system of Education that London sorely needs.

Housing Schemes.

The Housing Policy of the Council has been carried out successively under the Addison, Chamberlain, and Wheatley Schemes for financial partnership between the State and the local authority.

I do not think the public realizes how vast the Housing undertaking of the L.C.C. has been. Up to September 30, 1927,

the total capital expenditure since the War had been £22,628,941, while the future capital expenditure to which the Council is committed amounts to £16,750,000. When I add that the total capital expenditure from the beginning to March 1919 was only £5,815,523 it will be seen that the Council has done its utmost to deal with the pressing need of additional houses. Already 21,030 houses have been completed, an additional 13,272 are in hand, and another 14,724 are projected, making a total of 49,026.

By far the largest of the new housing estates is at Becontree, in Essex, which when the programme is completed will provide for a population of about 100,000 people.

Smaller, though important schemes have been carried out at Bellingham and Downham, near Catford, and at Roehampton, near Putney, while new schemes are being set on foot in the neighbourhood of Edgware, in Hertfordshire, and at Morden in the South West of London. The completion of this programme would have been more rapid and would have been carried out at a smaller cost had it not been for the shortage of available labour.

Building Trades Unions' Policy.

The Building Trades Unions resisted all pressure from the Government to allow intensive training to be given to Ex-Service men after the War. They were afraid that some change of policy in regard to Housing might prevent the completion of the National programme and throw this diluted labour upon the Unions for support. No arguments or persuasion could shake this lack of confidence. The consequence has been that at various times the L.C.C. has been held up for lack of bricklayers, plasterers and other workmen.

Some of these estates, notably Becontree, are outside the County of London and, as has been said, the responsibility for the local government of these areas does not rest upon the L.C.C., but in the case of Becontree on Essex, and of Edgware on Hertfordshire.

The shortage of houses has greatly hampered the Council in dealing with insanitary areas, yet twenty-two of these are at present in hand, covering ninety-one acres and dealing with a population of nearly 26,000.

[To be continued]

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

In writing these papers my purpose has been to describe a few events of history in which one of the well-known psalms of the Bible was made a means of blessing to noble hearts and through them to the world. All the songs of Scripture, especially those of the Book of Psalms, have had a wonderful history. Books such as Prothero's *The Psalms in Human Life*, and Dr. J. Ker's *The Psalms in History and Biography*, to both of which I am greatly indebted and from which I have often quoted, have clearly demonstrated this.

In collecting the material my own love for the inspired Word has been quickened, and in presenting the work for the consideration of others, I do so with a desire to kindle within the hearts of my fellow Christians a similar glowing love for the Bible and for the Lord whose spirit inspires it. My indebtedness to other writers is freely acknowledged and plainly seen in the text; but if I have infringed any copyright I have done it unknowingly, and tender my apologies herewith.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God shall help her, and that right early.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

I.

THE SONG ITSELF.

I AM seeking to trace the influence of an old song through centuries of history. Not many people would acknowledge that a song could have a lasting and powerful influence. Most songs are, like the butterfly, made for a season. 'They have their day, and cease to be.' A lilting tune will keep some of them in being for a little longer period. Then the fashion will change, and a new set of words will claim the popular attention. A song, indeed, is often placed in the category which includes cast-off clothing and old iron. It provides a metaphor for a ruinous transaction in business or the contemptuous disposal of a thing no longer valued. 'He sold it for a mere song!' The owner might almost as well have thrown his possession away.

There are songs, however, which have lived through many generations. They express the deep emotions of the human heart, the strong passions of a united people, the aspirations of a great nation. Thus they are taught to children at their mother's knee, and become part of the earliest and deepest recollections of the people. Some are wedded to simple tunes that haunt the memory. Others live apart from music other than that of their own rhythm and inspiration. But, as lyric and ode, as saga and psalm, they abide in the affections of men and bring blessings.

The song spoken of in these studies has had much acquaintance with the shock of battle. Both the heroic clash of sword upon shield and the modern roar of high-explosive artillery have heard the accompaniment of its accents. Great has been its comfort and mighty its spiritual triumphs when the furious charge of maddened ranks has scattered death and destruction around. It is thus of no little interest, though it may occasion some surprise, that in some of the old song-books it was appointed to be sung in a gentle quiet style, and that in others it seems to have been assigned to the maiden-like voices of boys. Perhaps it was originally a tenor song. Not a few scholars, however, think the inscription which yet stands at its head means 'For the Sopranos,' and imagine it to be a woman's song.

To discuss that matter is beyond our purpose. That must be left to the scholars of the ancient language in which it first was written. The song itself is at the moment the chief concern. It is known to everybody as the Forty-sixth Psalm. It may be sung by all who honour God and His ways. Young and old, maidens and men, mother and child may all take it upon their

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lips to give praise therewith. For they all, whatever their station in this world, may find in its confident words an increase of hope and assurance.

Its form should be noted; for in the English versions that is not clearly distinguishable, and the sequence of its thoughts is not easily followed by the reader. The opinion here expressed is that of scholars who have long investigated the subject, the fruit of whose devoted labours is now available.

The psalm is thus seen to be a song of three verses,¹ each verse having six or seven lines. To every verse there is attached a chorus or refrain. When that refrain has been restored to the first verse, from which it seems to have been lost, the song becomes a true symmetrical poem. It is manifestly the work of a literary artist. Evidently it was one of the most popular songs of the Jews of olden times; for it was included in at least three of the old Hebrew song-books before it came into its final position in the present Book of Psalms.

The first verse declares the confidence which God gives to His people in times of national distress. A particular occasion is undoubtedly in the writer's mind. So perilous was the event that it is referred to under the figure of an earthquake. But peril had been met by a manifestation of divine power. God had put forth His hand to save. Therefore 'God is ours,' says the writer. 'He is a refuge and strength. His help is amply sufficient for all our needs. We cannot fear. Great Carmel may be shaken, and the sea, gathering itself into one tremendous wave, may rush with increasing force against the mountain until the earth trembles. Yet is there no need to be afraid. God, the Lord of Hosts, is with us. The God of Jacob is our strong tower.' So the heart of the believer is sure of God as the one secure defence at all times. Natural calamities, revolutions of the people, sudden outbursts of long-smouldering discontent, or overwhelming onslaughts of enemies from afar—let them increase until they are as the shaking of the very earth or the violence of the raging sea yet the people of God are safe. For He abides calm and undisturbed. He can neither be shaken from beneath nor overthrown from without. He is a high tower that cannot be moved.

The second verse takes the mind from Carmel and the sea to the city of Jerusalem itself, from the raging and the roaring to

¹ The word 'verses' is used in preference to 'stanzas' or 'strophes,' because it is more familiar to the large majority of those who regularly use the Bible and modern hymn-books.

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the quiet and the unseen. Hezekiah the King had constructed a pool and a conduit, to which Isaiah referred when he spoke of the 'waters of Shiloah that go softly.' These were intended to supplement the natural water-supply of the city. Gentle and quiet in its flow, the refreshing water thus provided was an inestimable boon. Consequently it formed an apt simile for that grace of God which gives peace and joy to the trusting soul. In this sense the Psalmist uses it, affirming thereby that blessings rich and abundant flow from God to His city.

The figure is not quite sufficient. For Jehovah does not only supply the city from without; He is in the midst. He dwells there. His palace and His throne are there. He has chosen it for His own. His streams of blessing spring from the very heart of the city itself. Zion will never be without His sustenance; it will never fall, for He will preserve His dwelling-place. The night has been dark, the foes many and terrible. Nations have roared, kingdoms have been shaken, but Israel is safe. The dawn is hastening. Redemption is near. God has been present in the darkness, and still abides. He has uttered His voice. The very earth, being terrified, has melted. Faith has its own assurance of this, and for those who have not believed the proof of it will be seen in the return of the morning light. Then will all the people know that God is with them night and day, sustaining with His grace, defending with His power.

The third verse summons all the people to come and behold the proof of it. Enemies have boasted of their might. With insults and with taunts they have approached even to His stronghold 'to cast Him down from His excellency.' But they have come to the end of their vain imaginations. God has finished His work. Terrible things have been done, things of astonishment and horror. The destroyers are destroyed. Those who delight to stir up strife are become weaponless and impotent. The bow is broken, the spear is cut in two. War-makers are routed. War itself is coming to an end.

So marvellous a thing is a wonder of the first magnitude. Who could bring it to pass but God? None but He. The power is His, and His the victory. According to His own word let it be said, 'Cease ye, desist. Know that it is I, Jehovah. I shall be exalted among the nations, I shall be exalted in the earth.' He brings the mighty down to the dust, and those who are bowed down He raises up. Lord of Hosts in the unseen world, the God of Jacob's children upon the earth, He is with us always, He alone is our refuge.

'Fifty Years in a Changing World'

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

THAT is the arresting title which Sir Valentine Chirol has given to his latest volume, published by Mr. Cape (16s. net). It is not an autobiography, but it records events in a life which has been spent in many lands and has been linked to not a few famous men and stirring scenes. Sir Valentine is of French Huguenot descent. His father's folk were driven out of France by the Edict of Nantes, and after a time in Geneva came to England, where for the first two generations they were pastors of a French Protestant Church in London. His mother was Miss Ashburnham, daughter of the Rector of Catsfield in Sussex, whose family are said to have been of good account before the Conquest.

Youth in Paris.

The boy was brought up chiefly in France and Germany, and learnt to speak both languages as fluently as English. When he went up for his degree at the Sorbonne at the age of seventeen he was asked to describe the *Cent Jours*. He told the story of Napoleon's return from Elba, and wound up his sketch of Waterloo by speaking of the English victory as complete and decisive. That was a bombshell for the old professors, and the boy feared that he might suffer for having been rather 'cheeky,' but if they did not see the joke, they were very good tempered, and were quite won round when he declared that though he was proud to be English, yet France was his second country.

When the Franco-German War began he was studying in Germany. His mother had been living for some years at Versailles, and her house was occupied by the Prussians for five months. Her son was allowed to go there in order to pack off the household goods to England, where his mother had now decided to settle. He reached Paris in time to see the German armies make their victorious entry on March 1, 1871, under the Arc de Triomphe. Eighteen days later juvenile curiosity and love of adventure led him into the centre of the Communists. 'I was carried along from the Place Rigalle towards the heights of Montmartre with a dense crowd, some in uniform, but mostly in blouses, with not a few wild-looking women amongst them, all streaming forward under red flags to the irregular beat of drums or to a shrill chorus of Red revolutionary songs.' He heard the rifle shots which told that two unfortunate generals had been

murdered. They were to have removed the guns which dominated the whole city, and were in the hands of the Garde Nationale, already in almost open mutiny. Once or twice Chirol was rather roughly handled by some one who suspected that he was a spy, but he was able to answer back in Parisian slang. When he was getting rather badly cornered a good-natured old tradesman seized him by the coat-tail and made him take refuge amongst his dried herring and molasses.

On May 16 he saw and heard the crash of the Vendôme Column crowned with the statue of Napoleon I. It made his blood boil to see the Communist pigmies swarm on the broken pedestal and fling their insults on the giant Caesar whose broken statue lay at their feet. He was trying to get still closer when a tall Englishman, with a long, flowing beard, laid a hand on his shoulder. 'Surely you're an English boy,' he said, looking him up and down. Then, he added, rather gruffly, but with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, 'This is no place for a young monkey like you, and the sooner you get out of it, the better.' It was Laurence Oliphant, to be the kindest of friends to him in the future.

First Glimpse of the East.

In 1872 he became a clerk in the Foreign Office, where he remained for four years, gaining some insight into international affairs and the machinery of diplomacy. 1876 found him in Egypt. His first day left an abiding vision of delight and bewilderment. 'The early loom of the land across the opal sea, with palm trees scattered along the yellow sand dunes against an opal sky; the pandemonium of the landing at Alexandria in native boats, with dusky, half-naked, and yelling boatmen fighting for possession of one's body and one's luggage; the struggle through the Custom House amidst a swelling chorus of "Bakshish"; the heat and dust and flies of the crowded train to Cairo, but from the windows the spacious panorama of the Delta, over which the Nile had poured out its annual flood of fertilizing waters, not then fully controlled and husbanded by modern methods of scientific irrigation; the first glimpse of the Citadel and the Pyramids, standing there so solid and real on the edge of a real desert,' all made a lasting impression on his mind.

The Rake's Progress.

The Khedive Ismail had been twelve years on the throne, but the end of his misrule was near. The wretched *fellah* had been bled white, and Ismail was at bay. His chief confidant, the principal instrument of his extortions, lived in a state that vied with his own. He had half a dozen palaces in Cairo for himself

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and his numerous *hareem*, with great estates all over the country. One night he dined gleefully with the Khedive, but a few hours later he was dragged from his bed and hurried up the Nile. Egypt knew him no more. His master seized all his palaces and treasures. The same day Ismail was smiling and joking at the Opera. The fate of the omnipotent minister 'made even the most cynical European's flesh creep rather unpleasantly, but none dared to ask any questions, and diplomacy discreetly looked the other way.' Ismail's extravagance and bad faith made the Powers demand his abdication in 1879. His son Twefik was well-intentioned, and was a much more pious Mohammedan than his father, the husband of one wife, and a model of the domestic virtues. He had to reap what Ismail had sown in the Nationalist movement led by Arabi Pasha. Sir Valentine regarded Arabi as an honest but very ignorant patriot, who was often the tool of his meaner surroundings.

Lord Cromer and General Gordon.

Lord Cromer towered above all other officials in Egypt. He could be masterful enough when necessary, but the systematic patience and orderly method with which he carried through his huge task of reconstruction was very impressive. Mr. Chirol met Gordon at Laurence Oliphant's house on Mount Carmel before his forlorn hope at Khartoum. He was then living in Jerusalem absorbed in Biblical topography.

In talking of China at Mount Carmel he completely changed his front in the course of an hour. He seemed 'incapable of seeing more than one facet of a question at a time. Upon that facet he would concentrate for the moment the whole force of his emotional nature, and deliver his soul with an emphasis of which no one could doubt the sincerity.' Later on he would see another facet, and express himself with emphasis in a diametrically opposite sense. After Gordon said good-night, Oliphant remarked laughingly. 'That is a man after my own heart, for he is not afraid of contradicting himself, and whatever he says always rings true.'

Bulgaria's Rulers.

To cross the Turkish frontier into any of the young Balkan States made Mr. Chirol feel 'the immediate change from the dead weight of Turkish stagnation into a more vital atmosphere, instinct at least with freedom and progress, and with intense, if often dangerously passionate and impatient, patriotism. There was evidence in all of them of a new striving for better things.' Trade was reviving, there was a great popular demand for

education. All eyes were turned towards Bulgaria, which had just ceased to be the Turkish villayet of the Danube. Mr. Chirol knew its first two rulers, Alexander of Battenberg, who flashed across the stage for only a few years, but not ingloriously, and Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Kohary, who flourished like the green bay tree for thirty years. In 1885 Alexander was the idol of his people, but within less than a year he abdicated to save Bulgaria from the penalty of the hatred which the Tsar Alexander III and Bismarck bore to him. When Ferdinand sacrificed the great patriot minister Stambuloff he was master in his house for thirty years. His love of pomp and state impressed his subjects, but it was believed in Sofia that the avenue to his favour and to political influence, lay mostly through unspeakable paths.

Impressions of India.

Sir Valentine has been seventeen times in India, and spent there six or seven years. He has much to say about Lord Curzon, who, as an administrator, was unquestionably the greatest of all modern Viceroys, and whose extraordinary industry and intellect have left their mark on almost every branch of the Indian administration. In later years he grew more and more intolerant of any difference of opinion, but Lord Morley always regretted that Curzon had resigned the Viceroyalty before he himself went to the India Office. He told Chirol, 'It would have been tremendously interesting to work with him, and I believe we might have pulled together. Mind you, I would have supported him over the Army question against Kitchener. As to the Bengal Partition, I think I might have steered him off the rocks.'

The Spell of Gandhi.

Sir Valentine's last visit to India was in the winter of 1920-21. The country had 'fallen under the spell of Gandhi's extraordinary personality, the most striking and for a time the most forceful figure that had ever conjured up for her a vision of her ancient feast since she had first come into contact with the West. He had the ascetic qualities of saintliness and a fervour of religious faith which are still chiefly needed to move the masses whether Hindu or Mohammedan.' Sir Valentine had an hour's talk with him at Allahabad, a small frail figure with a drawn face and a rather pathetic smile and voice. He moved in a world of visions, and 'used the word Swaraj as if it were a spell that would in itself purge India of the degrading influences of the West and restore to her that peace which was hers, he declared with incredible disregard of history, before alien domination divided and exploited her people.' He is now politically a spent

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force. Almost all his followers have turned away from him, and he is doing 'Himalyan penance,' for a backsliding people.

Berlin Under William II.

The scene now shifts to Berlin in the early days of William II. Sir Valentine was correspondent of *The Times* for five years until he became head of the Foreign Department in Printing House Square. He had lost nothing of his youthful liking for the Germans nor of his admiration for their literature and music, and their national industry and thoroughness. But things had changed. He gives a strange instance of the irksome police regulations. He had seen a small boy knocked down by a droshky that drove hurriedly away. It was early morning, and there was no one to help, so he took the child in a cab to the police station. The authorities seemed unable to believe that he had no sinister ulterior motive for befriending a helpless child, and he was summoned to appear four times. Then he threatened to report the matter to the British Embassy, and was left in peace. The police kept order and regulated the traffic well, but were often extremely rough, and even brutal. They seemed to have no care for moral cleanliness, and vice seldom flaunts itself so aggressively as it then did in Berlin without the excuse of the scandalous examples of depravity in the highest ranks both at Court and in the army which marked the most brilliant period of William II's reign. The former simplicity of German life had almost entirely passed away, and there were disquieting symptoms of intemperance of character in the Kaiser. There grew upon Sir Valentine a profound distrust of the man, as well as of the foreign policy of Germany. He told his chief at Printing House Square that a storm was brewing, and might burst at any moment. It burst with the Kruger telegram, which the Kaiser himself prepared, and from which a more threatening passage was omitted at the instance of Prince Hohenlohe, prompted by the Foreign Secretary and Holstein.

This is a book that takes us behind the scenes in many lands, and not its least interesting chapter is that on the Paris Peace Conference where Sir Valentine saw Gertrude Bell fresh from Bagdad, though her irreproachable frocks bore no trace of the adventurous explorer, and Colonel Lawrence, 'the extraordinary young soldier, with the face of a boy and the eyes of a dreamer, who had accomplished the incredible task of raising and leading to victory over the Turk a large army of Bedouin nomads hastily broken in to some at least of the modern methods of warfare.'

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

I. THE MEANING OF DISCIPLESHIP

WHAT does it mean to be a disciple of Jesus Christ? In what respects does a Christian differ from other men? Some will say that to be a disciple of Christ is to belong to a Church. Others will say it is to accept certain beliefs—to subscribe to the Nicene Creed, or to accept the Scriptures as the guide of life. But as soon as we have given or received these answers, we find ourselves in a difficulty. When Jesus said, ‘Follow Me,’ and gathered His first disciples around Him, the Church had not been established, nor had any Christian creed been formulated, nor had the New Testament scriptures been written. The disciples had, at that stage, no articulated conception of the deity of their Lord, they knew nothing of the redemption which He was to accomplish, and they could not have foreseen that He was to triumph over death by His resurrection. It is evident that to the historical Jesus discipleship meant something else than the acceptance of a creed or entrance into a great ecclesiastical institution; and it is difficult to believe that the primary conditions of discipleship can be different to-day from what they were in the days of His flesh. A great deal of confusion of thought has arisen from the fact that we use the one word ‘believe’ to express two entirely different ideas—that of intellectual assent and that of moral trust and surrender. When the evangelist says ‘only believe,’ he is not thinking of intellectual assent to a creed, but of trust in and surrender to Jesus Christ. Of course, sooner or later, we must face the questions of creed, and of our relation to the Church. No man can follow Christ without formulating certain beliefs about Him. Neither can any man follow Christ without discovering that there are others who are treading the same path, and that his life is enriched by entering into fellowship with them. But the primary need is that we get into right personal relations with Jesus Christ.

Christian discipleship might be defined in a sentence as *personal devotion to Jesus Christ*. Is that all? Yes, it is all. It is very simple, but it is all-comprehending. But, it may be said, ‘How can I enter into personal relations with one who died nineteen hundred years ago? I can read the story of His life. I can peruse the record of His spoken words. I can

admire and reverence Him across the gulf of the intervening centuries. I can imitate Him from afar, but I cannot enter into living personal relations with Him.'

It is, however, the miracle of Jesus that, in living accents, He makes the same appeal to men to-day as He did in the days of His flesh. He passes unseen through the market, the shop, the counting-house, the field, the school, and the university, and He says, 'Follow Me,' and in all these varied walks of life, men arise and follow Him.

How are we to explain it? We can understand how and why Matthew and the rest of the Twelve followed Him. They looked into His eyes and He looked into theirs; they heard His voice; they felt the constraint of His pure, strong, and self-sacrificing love; they saw and knew that He was full of grace and truth. The response of the Twelve is easily explained. But how are we to explain the response of the thousands who in all lands and ages have followed Him. There is only one answer. It is deep calling and answering to deep. There is something in Jesus Christ which appeals to the human heart, apart altogether from theology and creeds. He makes us ashamed to live as we do, neglecting our souls. Even while we follow Him, drawn by a magnetism which we should hate to resist, we cry, almost involuntarily, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.' He makes us conscious that we are dwelling in the low-lying and enclosed valleys, whereas we are capable of treading the wide plains and of climbing the bracing heights. He makes us conscious that there is something of God in every one of us. He opens out endless vistas of growth before us and inspires us to strive after the likeness of God. He awakens within us strange, deep, and unutterable longings, opens for us windows in heaven, and gives us glimpses of the Motherland of our spirits, for which as exiles in a strange land we yearn. We may not stay to analyse this at the moment, but these and many more are the thoughts, desires, and visions which surge within us, when we hear the call of Jesus.

There is nothing so difficult as to analyse the secret of kindling personal devotion. How is it that some men possess the power of grappling others to them with hooks of steel, so that they will follow them to the death? We say that this is the mystic thing which we call 'personality,' but we are only covering our ignorance with a word. No one can tell or transfer the secret to another. But there it is, an unchallengeable fact of life. We try to analyse the wondrous personality of Jesus, and to explain

His power. But we can go so far and no farther. We speak of His purity, His courage, His loyalty to truth, His self-sacrifice, His quenchless love. But, after all, to try to explain the power of Jesus by analysing His personality, is very much like attempting to express the fragrance of a rose in a chemical formula. It is enough that He 'lays His mind on us,' that He 'sends the deathless passion through us,' and that 'we believe in His belief.' There is one thing which men cannot do with Jesus. They cannot relegate Him to the limbo of the forgotten; they cannot bury Him beneath the debris of the dead past. In every generation He is the central Figure. Think of the boundless literature which has gathered around the name of Jesus. Remind yourself of how men of all manner of schools of thought claim Jesus as their Master. The world cannot get away from Jesus. It may disobey Him; it cannot consign Him to the ignominy of neglect. He challenges every century as He challenged the first; no generation and no individual can evade His challenge. He comes to us, and we are bound to answer either 'I follow,' or 'I follow not.'

Christian discipleship begins in personal devotion to Jesus Christ. The Risen Lord said to Peter, 'Simon Bar-Jonah, lovest thou Me?' It was Peter who had first moved in the direction of a creed. He had made the great confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' But the Risen Christ did not say to him, 'Do you still hold your creed?' No, with a pathetic insistence He said, '*Lovest thou Me?*' Love is more than intellectual belief, and personal devotion to Jesus Christ brings us nearer to God than all the creeds.

May I address my readers as directly as though I were preaching to them? Do you love Jesus Christ? Perhaps you say, 'I cannot honestly answer that I love Him, but how can I help it? I cannot will to love.' Well, I think you can will to love. I believe that it is largely in our power to determine the direction of our affections. But I will not press that point. All that I would say is—give Jesus Christ a chance and He will do the rest. Don't shut your eyes or stop your ears to Him. Don't entangle yourself in a maze of intellectual difficulties in order to try and find Him. Let Him come to you, and let His pure, radiant, loving, and potent personality make its appeal. Let Him look into your eyes; let Him lay His mind and will on you; let Him breathe into you His spirit. Let Him whisper into your ears the words which suggest the infinite and eternal, like the bells of the village church heard from away out at sea,

and almost before you know it, you will leap up with the glad answer, 'Thou knowest that I love Thee.'

I have heard the story of a Lancashire man and his wife who, when visiting Florence, stood in front of Michael Angelo's great sculpture 'David.' They had no artistic knowledge or training, but they went with eyes open and eager for the beautiful wherever they might see it. For a moment they were stunned by the beauty of the statue, and then the wife said to the husband, 'Why, William, it is alive.'

And if we come with open minds and hearts to Jesus Christ, we shall be stunned by the beauty of His personality, and then there will burst from our lips the cry, 'He is alive.' He is no dead hero from the past. He lives and loves, and He is saying to us to-day, 'Follow Me.'

TWO BOOKS ON RELIGION

Messrs. Benn issue two volumes which deserve careful study. They say in introducing them to the public that 'never before within living memory has there been so deep and widespread an interest in Religion. Miss Royden's title is *I Believe in God* (7s. 6d.). She finds it impossible to believe that this universal frame of things can be without a mind. Her belief in a personal God is broadened out by the doctrine of the Trinity and to her science is faith in a majestic scale. As to the future, Miss Royden holds that when we are all embarked upon the great adventure of following Christ we shall enjoy each other's differences and find ourselves at one.

Professor Julian Huxley's *Religion Without Revelation* (8s. 6d.) cuts itself loose from that 'kernel of revealed religion, a personal God.' He thinks that the idea of personality has been put there by man and feels a sense of relief in rejecting the idea of a supernatural being. His 'Personalia' throw light on his position and we should have been sorry had he not included them. But he does not produce any argument that will shake the belief of a Christian thinker. How much religion would he have had without that revelation which has penetrated his life and character from his infancy? He has his vision of the future. It is more life for your neighbour as for yourself, and his last word is, 'I believe in the religion of life.' That is he has built on our Lord's foundation and does not recognize his debt nor discern that Christ alone can impart that religion of life to the world.

Dr. Coke and Episcopal Methodism

By JAMES LEWIS

WE were privileged at the last Conference (1927) to see the section of the 'Journal' of Dr. Coke containing the very important passage giving his meeting with Asbury at Barrett's Chapel, his impressions of him, the arrangements made for the historic Christmas Eve Conference, 1784, that led to the election of Asbury as bishop, to his ordination as deacon, presbyter and bishop, and to the foundation of what grew into the Methodist Episcopal Church. The section of the 'Journal' containing all this was being shown to one of the American bishops, to them a document of quite incalculable interest and importance. To all who are interested in the evolution of Methodism in the world at large the few pages of the little pocket-book containing Coke's account are of unique value, and they are here given *verbatim et literatim*, with all Dr. Coke's extraordinary mistakes in spelling. Dr. Coke corrects Christmas 'day' for 'eve,' it will be noted, when referring to the date of the calling of the celebrated Conference. In these lines we see the source of a great Amazon of spiritual life and power in the English-speaking world. Asbury was thirty-nine and Coke thirty-seven, Wesley eighty-one, two daring young men backing a greater old one, in the church of Christ.

VERBATUM EXTRACT FROM DR. COKE'S 'JOURNAL,' 1784-85.

The extract contains the whole of his writing from November 14, 1784, to January 4, 1785. It thus begins—

SUN. 14. Brother Whatcoat had a very great congregation in the Court House at six in the morning. About ten o'clock we arrived at Barrett's Chapel, so called from the name of our friend who built it and who went to heaven a few days ago. In this chapel in the midst of a forest I had a noble congregation to which I endeavoured to display the blessed Redeemer as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. After the sermon a plain, robust man came up to me. I thought it could be no other but Mr. Asbury and I was not deceived. I administered the sacrament after preaching with the aid of brother Whatcoat, to I think, five or six hundred communicants, and afterwards we held a love-feast. It was the best season I ever knew except one at Charlemont in Ireland. After dining

in company with eleven of the preachers at our Sister Barrett's about a mile from the chapel, I immediately opened our plan to Mr. Asbury. He expressed considerable doubts concerning it, which I rather applaud (applaud) than otherwise, but informed me that he had received some intimations of my arrival on the continent, and as he thought it probable I might meet him on that day, and might have something of importance to communicate to him for Mr. Wesley, he had therefore called together a considerable number of the preachers to form a counsel, and if they were of opinion (*sic*) that it would be expedient, immediately to call a Conference it should be done. They were accordingly called, and after debate we (were) unanimously of opinion that it would be best immediately to call a Conference of all the travelling preachers on the Continent. We therefore sent off Freeborn Garrettson like an arrow the whole length of the Continent or of our work directing him to send messengers to the right and left to gather all the preachers together at Baltimore on Christmas Eve. Mr. Asbury has also drawn up for me a ride of about 800 or 1,000 miles in the meantime, which, God willing, I shall punctually fulfil (he has given me his black [Harry] boy and borrowed an excellent horse for me). I exceedingly reverence Mr. Asbury: he has so much simplicity, like a little child, so much wisdom and consideration, so much meekness and love, and under all this, though hardly to be perceived, so much command and authority, that he is exactly qualified for a primitive bishop. He and I have agreed to use our joint endeavours to establish a school or college on the plan of Kingswood School.

Friday 17. We now set off for our friend's Mr. Gough. This new mansion (*sic*) house which he has lately built is reckoned (reckoned) one of the most elegant in the 13 States.

Baltimore, Dec. 24, Jan. 2, 1785.

On Christmas eve (*sic*) we opened our Conference which has continued 10 days. I admire the piety of the American preachers. We had near 60 of them present. The whole number is 81. They are indeed a body of devoted men, but most of them young. The spirit in which they conducted themselves in choosing the elders was most pleasing. I believe they acted without being at all influenced either by friendship or resentment or prejudice both in choosing and rejecting. One elected was elected for Antigua, Jeremiah Larnbert (*sic*) and two for Nova

Scotia, Freeborn Garrettson and James Cromwell, and ten for the States, John Tunnell, John Haggarty, James O'Kelley, Le Roy Cole, Wm. Gill, Nelson Reed, Hy. Willis, Rubin (?) Ellis, Richard Ivey, and Beverley Allen. They also elected three deacons, John Dickens, Cabel (*sic*) Boyer, and Ignatius Pigmin (?). Brothers Tunnell, Willis, and Allen, of the elected elders, were not present at the Conference nor Brother Boyer and Dickens. The Lord I think was peculiarly present whilst I was preaching my two pastoral sermons: the first when I ordained Brother Asbury bishop, the second when we ordained the elders. God was indeed pleased to honour me before the people. At 6 every morning one of the preachers gave the people a sermon: the weather was exceed (exceedingly) cold and therefore Brother Asbury thought it best to indulge the people, and our morning congregations held out and were good to the last. At noon I preached: except on the Sundays, and other ordination-days, when the service began at 10 o'clock and generally lasting on those occasions 4 hours: and the chapel was full all the time. At 6 in the evening a travelling preacher preached in the town chapel, another in the pine chapel (a chapel about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile out of town) and another in the Dutch Church which the pious Mr. Otterbine gave us the use of in the evenings during the Conference. Brother Asbury has so high an opinion of Mr. Otterbine that we admitted him, at Brother Asbury's desire, to lay his hand on Brother Asbury with us, on his being ordained Bishop. By this means the congregations were divided: otherwise we should not have had half room in them for the people who attended in the evening. Our friends at Baltimore were so kind as to put up a large stove and to bag several of the seats that we might hold our Conference comfortably. Before I left the town, I met our principal friends who promised to put up a gallery in our town church (for so we call our preaching houses now) immediately. One of the weekdays at noon I made a collection towards assisting our brethren who are going to Nova Scotia and Antigua: and our friends generously gave fifty pounds currency (£30 sterling).

Jan. 3. On this day I left Baltimore and came to our good friend Mr. Gough's but had the coldest ride I ever rode.

Jan. Tues. 4. I rode with several of my brethren to the side of Chesapeak (*sic*) Bay but found it so frozen that we could not pass. Here a hospitable planter took in 4 of us and kindly entertained us.

Military Aspects of John Wesley's Life

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS

I. WESLEY AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER

JOHNN WESLEY had a real affection for the country's defenders of his own day. He was a great fighter in the service of his Master and was thus able to appreciate and admire those who possessed the essential military virtues of courage, perseverance, cheerful endurance of hardships, and discipline. His period of 'active service' was more than fifty years, and his average day's work was eighteen hours, each minute brimming full of service. He was born in 1703, and died in 1791, and, in the words of Mr. Augustine Birrell, who describes him as 'the greatest force of the eighteenth century,' his life 'covers as nearly as mortal man may the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical figures and certainly the most strenuous.' He knew almost every inch of the British Isles, having traversed not less than eight thousand miles annually, either on foot, horseback, or in chaise. It can, therefore, be realized that he was bound to meet soldiers under all kinds of conditions during his travels, and many volumes might be written around this subject, but it is hoped that these few 'snapshots' of the outstanding military matters with which he was concerned, may stimulate such an interest as to induce the reader to probe deeper into the life of one of England's greatest sons.

Wesley is here presented, not so much as a parson but as a great patriotic, practical man, who endeavoured to answer the national problems of his day. Had he been Chaplain-General, it is no exaggeration to presume, that with his gift for organization, his courage, and his intensely practical Christian life, he would have made the British Army the greatest moral force in the world.

An important military quality possessed by Wesley was his sense of the value of discipline. He was no sloppy sentimentalist. He embraced religion because 'his logical acuteness' convinced him that by working in that field he would be doing 'the highest good for his species.' Although one of the most lovable and affectionate of men that have ever been he would tolerate no tampering with the fundamental principles of his creed or

church organization, and those who crossed swords with him on such matters found in him the spirit of a martinet which would have been the envy of an earlier generation of commanding officers. He drew up very strict rules for the members of his Church and those who did not abide by them, after being cautioned, were expelled. Loss of numbers to his following was nothing to him; he wanted sincerity, a surer foundation—quality, not quantity. He had no place for mere ‘window-dressing.’

Born in 1703 and dying in 1791, Wesley's eighty-eight years were spent entirely in the eighteenth century, the century which saw the first three Georges ascend the throne, and in which occurred such memorable military events as the Young Pretender's Rebellion (1745), the battle of Fontenoy, the defeat of Braddock and victory of Wolfe in America, the American War of Independence, and other events which were to have their influence upon the British Empire. Perpetually traversing the kingdom as Wesley did, it was not surprising that he very often came into touch with soldiers of all ranks, and was thus able to obtain first hand information regarding expeditions and very intimate aspects of military life. In reading his *Journal* one experiences the same kind of feeling as when reading Wellington's dispatches, orders and letters,¹ for in both cases they bring human nature and events under a microscope, and no detail was too trivial, at the time, to warrant omission.

The Rev. Luke Tyerman says, ‘From the first soldiers excited Wesley's sympathy,’ and possibly this was due as much to the evidence of organization and deeds of valour as to the lack of spiritual welfare provided for them. This aspect of Wesley's character is admirably stated by the Rev. Owen Spencer Watkins.² He says, ‘Himself a stern and relentless fighter, when the needs of his Master's kingdom demanded it, he could appreciate the best in the military character. Possessed as he was by a passionate loyalty to his king and country, he could not but remember the responsibility of the nation to the men who fought her battles. Believing strongly in authority, obedience, methodical habits, and courage, he could not but be drawn to men imbued with these principles.’

By a strange coincidence Wesley's work became permanently connected with the Army. It was in this wise. From 1704 to 1716 Mr. Matthew Bagley cast all the guns which

¹ Edited by Colonel Gurwood.

²*Soldiers and Preachers Too*, by the Rev. O. S. Watkins, C.M.G., C.B.E., K.H.C.

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the government required at his foundry in Moorfields, near Finsbury Square. 'The guns captured by the Duke of Marlborough were, in 1716, ordered to be used for the manufacture of newer ordnance, and on May 10, 1716, a great many persons of quality assembled to witness the operation, including Borgard, who was then Colonel of Artillery and Chief Firemaster of England. The dampness of the mould, and the consequent generation of steam caused the metal to be blown out again with terrible sound and fearful consequences. Seventeen persons were killed, including Mr. Bagley and his son; and a number of others, among whom was Colonel Borgard, were wounded.'³ This was the end of the foundry as such. The explosion had blown the roof off. After the place had stood in ruins for about twenty years Wesley leased it and had it repaired. At the end of 1739 he began to preach in it, and it thus became 'the cradle of London Methodism' (Tyerman). In 1775, however, the lease expired, and Wesley, writing to his brother Charles, says, that the Committee in London are considering the building of a 'new foundry.' Next year the city of London granted them a piece of ground in City Road, where the present 'Wesley's Chapel' now stands, and close to the old Foundry.

The earliest reference to soldiers in Wesley's *Journal* is—

1738. Oct. 18.—Wednesday evening I came to London again; and on Friday (20) met a Society (of soldiers chiefly) at Westminster.

The note is brief and without comment on the conduct of the soldiers, but later it will be seen that he speaks of them just as he found them, sometimes they are 'brutish beasts' and at other times 'well-behaved, fit to appear before princes.'

Wesley did good work among the prisoners in various jails, and often persons condemned to death would send requesting him to visit them. One of the earliest recorded requests came from a soldier—

Wed. March 12, 1740.—I found a little time (having been much importuned) to spend with the soldier in Bridewell who was under sentence of death. This I continued to do once a day.

The soldier was shot on April 1, 1740, for desertion, but he seems to have greatly benefited by Wesley's visits, who records, regarding the man's death, 'Let my last end be like his.'

When in Ireland, Wesley was particularly drawn to the

³ *Records of the Woolwich District*, Vol. I., p. 321 (Vincent).

soldiers, and whenever possible preached either in or near the barracks. In view of the uncertain times in which he travelled, he appears to have shown great wisdom in selecting his preaching places near sources of protection. At Kilkenny, he found a number of soldiers meeting in class, and he preached in one of the officer's rooms. 'In Ireland, the first call is to the soldiery,' he writes. In view of the strong hold Roman Catholicism had upon the Irish people, he did not wish to waste time sowing on rocks. It should be remembered that Wesley was making his Irish tours, five in all, when the memory of the massacre of Irish Protestants in Ireland in the seventeenth century was still green.

The following extracts from his *Journal* show in what regard he was held by the British soldier in Ireland—

Good Friday, 1748, Athlone.—I preached at six. A gentleman of £700 or £800 a year only kept his hat on during the preaching, and our Dragoons were so affronted that they could not be pacified till one of them got to him and took it off.

On Easter Sunday, 1745, the Dragoons were again incensed at the conduct of a Catholic priest who came to Wesley's meeting house 'and drove out' his people. 'The Captain of the Dragoons was so enraged at this that on a word he would have laid him in irons,' but Wesley prevailed upon him not to do so.

Wed. June 14, 1749.—About seven I preached at Athlone. It being the time of the general review, abundance of soldiers and many officers were present. They all behaved with utmost decency, but a gentleman of the town did not, which had like to have cost him dear. Many swords were drawn, but the officers interposed and it went no further.

The influence of army life is seen in the following—

Wed. May 17, 1749.—I met the class of soldiers, eight of whom were Scotch Highlanders (the Black Watch). Most of them were brought up well, but evil communications corrupt good manners. They all said that from the time they entered the army they had grown worse and worse.

Wesley was unsuccessful in his application to preach in the barracks at Cork (May 30, 1750) because the Commanding Officer 'had told one of the Captains with great openness, "if Mr. Wesley preached in the barracks, and the mob were to come and break the windows, I might have a long bill from the barrack-master."' The influence of barrack damages appears to have a long ancestry.

In 1750 he found things different in Ireland with the regular troops—

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June 5, 1750.—I returned to Limerick. In examining the Society here, I could not but take particular notice of about sixty of the Highland Regiment of soldiers (Black Watch)—men fit to appear before princes.

As we shall meet many references to soldiers under subsequent headings the following will suffice to indicate Wesley's views regarding them. But there is one soldier who demands notice—

Aug. 8, 1752.—I called on a lively man at Athlone—who is just married in the ninety-second year of his age. He served as an officer both in King William's and Queen Anne's wars, and a year or two ago began to serve the Prince of Peace. He has all his faculties of body and mind entire, works in his garden some hours every day, and praises God who has prolonged his life to so good a purpose.

The next extract brings us to Canterbury and is interesting in that it gives us the opinion of Colonel Gallatin who was stationed at Canterbury at the time, on the quality of troops—

March 25, 1756.—I dined with Colonel ———, who said, 'No men fight like those who fear God; I had rather command five hundred such than any regiment in His Majesty's army.'

Here is another illuminating entry—

Oct. 5, 1758.—I designed to go to the Isle of Wight. We landed at two and walked on, five little miles to Newport. The neighbouring camp had filled the town with soldiers, the most abandoned wretches whom I ever yet saw. Their whole glorying was in cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and lewdness. How gracious is God that he does not yet send those monsters to their own place.

These remarks are as much a criticism of the army chaplains of those days as the conduct of the troops.

Things appear to have been better at Norwich a little later—

Dec. 24, 1758.—I saw none who behaved amiss, but two soldiers who struck some who desired to be silent. But they were seized and carried to the Commanding Officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped.

Hampshire comes in for a scolding again next year—

Oct. 1759.—The Militia from Hampshire (he was at Salisbury) being in town, a large number of them were at the preaching. But it was music to a horse; such brutish behaviour have I seldom seen.

Wesley's opinions on the vulgarity of the soldiers was shared by many notable people, and we find that the 'Lord Mayor of London ordered a large quantity of papers dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed and distributed to the train bands.'

His Peace—My Peace

By P. K. HORAN

'Come unto Me, . . . and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

O STARS that tell of happy days!
O moon that sheds caressing rays
 Upon the sea!
Hear ye now the sweetest song
 I sing within my quiet heart—
 O ransomed soul and gladdened heart,
Spreading joy of this my song
 Upon the sea!

O sky of shadows drifting slow!
O spirit-music, haunting, low,
 And voicing faith!
Ye have chorused all my song;
 I heard it throbbing through the hours—
 The calm and sweetly tender hours
Aglow in ecstasy of song
 Bright-born of faith.

O moon, O stars, O waters proud!
I cannot sing my gladness loud;
 My heart is calm.
Peace is mine; my song is soft:
 I pour my peace upon the sea—
 The hushed and wise and hallowed sea;
And Jesu's Love is flooding oft
 My heart with balm.

O peace of God that floods my soul!
O Sacred Love that makes me whole!
 The Christ is mine!
The storm and stress no longer move
 My days to tears; I rest in Him
 When life is sad and vision dim,
Because His Voice hath said with love,
 'My Peace is thine.'

The Yarmouth Sempstress

THE STORY OF SARAH MARTIN

By MARK GUY PEARSE

IN the Church of St. Nicholas in Yarmouth there is a stained-glass window to the memory of one of whom good Bishop Stanley said, ' Could I canonize Sarah Martin I would do so.' In thinking of the bicentenary of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, it is good to set beside his splendid services the lowly service which Sarah Martin in her way rendered to the prisoners of Yarmouth. John Howard had leisure; wealth enough to travel; skill in medicine; a fellow of the Royal Society; gifted with courtesy to meet crowned heads and his Holiness the Pope; welcomed by the many who admired his devotion, he was fitted in all ways for the splendid service to which he devoted his life. No contrast could be greater than that which meets us as we turn from the hero to the heroine of whom I would tell.

The Court House at Yarmouth has been described by Dr. Stoughton (*Howard and his Friends*) as he knew it when a boy. A covered wooden staircase led up to a small court-room where the quarter sessions used to be held. The Mayor, aldermen, and common council attending the Recorder marched in procession from St. Nicholas, carrying large bouquets of flowers, to that quaint and ugly edifice.

Luxury Above—Misery Below.

So was it above, a score of robed officials and bouquets of flowers. But underneath the misery of felons and debtors: three dungeons or night-rooms into which they crept down a ladder of ten steps in the darkness. For all the prisoners only a small day room and court, alike for men and women. Allowance—a penny loaf a day (9½ ozs.). A recommendation had indeed been made that steps should be taken for the separation of the sexes, and that the loathsome cells should be bricked up. Having eased their conscience by this recommendation, the Recorder and his Worship the Mayor, the aldermen, and honourable council could dine hilariously in the Guildhall, and go their way, the recommendation unheeded, and the prisoners remaining in the same loathsome condition. So Yarmouth went home to supper and slept untroubled.

But in one lowly room the candle burns late for a sempstresses' scanty earnings. Yet now and then she stays to think of those in Yarmouth Gaol, to sigh for their ills, and sigh as deeply as

she thinks what one such as she could do when the chief men of the place failed to do anything. A devout woman, with good sense beyond most, with a yearning pity and a true heroism, she resolves to do what she can, and goes forth to do it with a wonderful success.

She herself tells the story. She goes on her way to the gaol, the abode of brutal men and brutal women, a dangerous set to be amongst, and there with noisome ills and filth and vermin. Well, all this was but a claim upon her pity and a demand for her ministry.

It was in 1818, when she entered to see a woman who had been committed for cruelty to her own child.

‘When I told her of the motive of my visit, of her guilt and her need of God’s mercy, she burst into tears and thanked me whilst I read to her the story of the thief on the cross, who, although suffering justly from man’s judgement, sought and found mercy from the Saviour.’

Encouraged by her visit, she became a regular visitor at the prison. As there was no Sunday service she persuaded the inmates to have a service of their own, one reading to all the rest. ‘After many changes of readers the office devolved upon me,’ she writes. ‘The happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced with much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so, and also an unspeakable comfort to myself.’

So she had to preach to them sermons of her own; many of them are printed in the *Life* that was published by the Religious Tract Society. The rough and hardened men and women were won by the simple earnestness and her gentle spirit.

Work for the Prisoners.

Nor was it in religious service only that she ministered to this rough flock. It was by a stroke of genius that she set them all to work. Men and women, boys and girls, after their irksome idleness found amusement in their occupation. ‘Old bronze-faced beachmen,’ says Dr. Stoughton, ‘took up needle and thread, and began to patch up a quilt; young folks, with nimble fingers, learned to carve all sorts of things out of big beef bones. Mutton shanks supplied material for cutting out spoons and apple scoops. Straw hats and cloth caps were produced in that busy workshop; and altogether it became a bee-hive where human bees might be said to fill their dark cells with honey.’

Verily a genius was this good Sarah Martin. She found many of them unable to read or write. ‘Grandfathers with cramped hands and with empty minds began to use a spelling-book and

pick up from lesson-boards texts of Scripture.' She made one of them herself; and when she set them to learn and repeat a verse of the Bible she would do the same exercise herself; and if they said, 'It is of no use,' she replied, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you. You have not tried it, but I have.'

She brought into their midst a drawing, and inspired the emulation of a shoemaker and a bricklayer. Pencil, pen, and paper were given them, and they succeeded in producing a tolerable copy of the original. There was a delightful bit of craft in the picture. It represented a chess-player; and suggested an amusement that became a further indulgence.

There seems to have been no method too ingenious, and no care more persistent, to seek their welfare. 'When the term of imprisonment ended she would seek suitable lodgings for homeless people, would persuade masters to take back old servants, reconcile parents to reformed children, secure employment for industrious youths, and encourage sailors to call on her when they returned from a voyage.'

Making New Characters.

In her Journal she tells of many 'with whom she argued patiently and firmly.' Some of them were convinced, and confessed their faults. One was very obdurate, and rejected her efforts, and spoke bitterly of the Bible and of God.

Who could resist such a method and manner. 'I asked him, "Do you love your wife?" "Oh, yes, and my wife loves me." "And do you love your children?" "Oh, yes, I love my children." "And were I to say I hate your wife, I hate your children, would you like it?" "No, I should not." "And yet you spoke against my God, and of His holy Book; you said, "It is all a pack of nonsense, I do not believe a word of it."'

F.I. acknowledged the application with much emotion. He said he had been accustomed to sit from Sunday morning till Saturday night in a public house, but would attend a place of worship in future, which his wife had formerly advised in vain.

Then comes a later entry. 'After that he seemed a new character, simple, honest, and open. The poor fellow has obtained no work, his children are ill, and his excellent wife, whilst rejoicing at the change in her husband, is cast down by extreme poverty. I gave them an order for some flour.'

So this poor sempstress went to and fro, trudging on foot in bad weather from Caister to the farther end of Yarmouth to keep her appointment at the gaol; and seeking to keep herself alive with her work. This soon became known, and friends

helped her, we are told, but she was so afraid of being paid for her well-doing that it was difficult to persuade her to accept what was offered. The corporation proposed to allow her twelve pounds a year, and when she refused one of the magistrates told her, 'The business is out of your hands; if we permit you to visit the prison you must submit on our terms.'

She had a beautiful faith in it all. In the full occupation of dress-making she says, 'I had care with it and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared care fled also. God, who called into the vineyard, said, "Whatsoever is right I will give you." He was my Father and could not forget His child. . . . If whilst imparting truth to others I become exposed to temporal want, the privation would not admit of comparison with following the Lord in thus administering to others. Supported with these views I advanced, still meeting increased disclosures of Divine goodness.'

She lived by faith: and many friends were raised up to minister to her wants. Dr. Stoughton says, 'The friendly temper never failed, the gracious supply reached her week by week. They were her cruse of oil, her barrel of meal.'

In her last days she was much afflicted. She suffered much, but in patience possessed her soul. Twenty minutes before she died, on being told the end was near, she clapped her hands, exclaiming, 'Thank God! thank God!' She slept in Jesus on October 15, 1843, aged 56 years. Such was Sarah Martin, to whose memory stands the stained-glass window in the Church of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, and of whom good Bishop Stanley said, 'Could I canonize her I would do so.'

For the New Year

By W. H. JACKSON PICKEN

WHY make resolves? For me to live is Christ;
Enough that I with Him keep daily tryst:
He is my Counsellor, my Help, my Lord,
To whom whole-hearted service I accord.
By faith I live, and strive to do His will;
And He, through changeful scenes, is with me still:
A pilgrim, making for God's holy place,
I hasten on to see the Father's face.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

I. OUR METHODIST HERITAGE

I'm Methody born and Methody bred,
And when I die there's a Methody dead.

—*Old Song.*

THERE have been many books of 'Reminiscences,' 'Collections and Recollections,' 'Memories and Portraits,' but I do not think there has so far been one relating the adventures and humour of the Methodist Manse life. But the Itinerancy—awful word—does provide thrills both of pathos and humour.

When I was 'itinerating' perhaps I did not realize it as I do now. 'Life was real, life was earnest,' with a vengeance then, and woe betide us if our sense of humour led us astray.

Now I am relegated to the ranks of the ordinary 'member of society' I want to take some peeps into the past.

Ministers and their families sometimes vie with each other as to how far back their ancestry goes in Methodism. We have always glowed with pride that our great, great, great grandfather's home was one in which Wesley was constantly entertained, and from that time in an unbroken line on our mother's side 'we' have been Methodists.

An old letter written by a great aunt says of our great, great grandmother, 'She heard Wesley preach in the Market Place, and though she did not remember much of his sermon, she noticed what lady-like hands he had, and as the sun shone out and he lifted them up, they were so delicate that it looked as if one could count every vein in them.'

A truly feminine description, which probably referred to her last sight of him, when, 'in age and feebleness extreme' he still preached to those who needed him most—the crowds in the market-place.

What a joy it must have been when her daughter married one of Wesley's preachers and began to 'travel' in the year 1816. We still possess that daughter's class ticket for March, 1813, and others of later dates. We also have another and more prosaic possession of that early Methodist preacher and his wife. It was one of their faithful friends when travelling time came—an old elm chest. After resting for a generation it travelled about for over forty years with my own father and

mother. It has now 'sat down,' perhaps never to get up again, although it looks good for another forty years, if needs be. Chests were chests in those days, and what tales it could tell of its different methods of transit.

On our mother's side we possess a galaxy of ministerial ancestors, about whom many stories have been handed down. The tales about one old minister have always been a special joy. He was a ponderous and solemn brother, but his sermons were unconsciously mirth provoking.

In those days, of course, sermons were of an hour's duration at the least. Now it must have taken a good deal of 'stuff' to make one. However, he was a wily old boy, and went in for lengthy descriptions of what *might* have happened if the events related in the Bible had not supervened. (This is a very useful dodge, and is still practised, as we all know.)

Preaching on Abraham offering up Isaac, he said in his peculiar sing-song, drawling voice:

'Abraham didn't consult Sa-rah!'

Then, in parenthesis, for his own 'Sarah' was listening, and might have something to say about it after, 'but this is *not* to teach the *doc-trine* that men should not consult their *wi-ves*. A *great* many men would be a *great* deal *bet-ter* if they *did*!'

Then he gave a graphic description of the journey, and thrilled his congregation by his gruesome account of what would have happened if Abraham's hand not been stayed and the ram accepted as a substitute for Isaac.

'He would *have* to have taken a knife *es-pecially* adapted for the *pur-pose*, *to-r-rn* him limb from limb!'

History does not relate how much further he harrowed his congregation's feelings.

It is also related that he once conducted a week-night service, and, as the custom then was, he gave the hymns out verse by verse. Unfortunately, although a common metre, the tune was not well known, and was first pitched too high, then too low, and the singing trailed off into silence during the first verse. But he read out the second verse with a grim face, and apparently no realization that the words were only too apt:

In va-in we tune our formal so-ongs,
In va-in we strive to ri-ise;
Hosannas *languish* on our tongues,
And our de-vo-o-tion *di-ies*.

It gave us an inkling of the methods of some of those old ministers in 'dealing with' the children of those days, when

my mother told us her experiences. She had a class for little girls, and as this stern old man was a Supernumerary in that circuit, he sometimes met his niece's class for tickets. He persisted in expecting an 'experience' from those scared little images, calling upon them by name in turn.

'Sar-ah Ann Coomber! And what is the state of *your* mind?'

Poor Sarah's mind was certainly a blank at that terrifying moment, until her Leader's gentle voice said, 'I think, uncle, if you were to ask her if she loves Jesus, she would be able to say "Yes."'

The Superintendent Minister also conducted the meeting in the same fashion. His own little daughter was a member of it, but she was quite ready for him, and when he inquired for her 'experience,' she rapped out, 'Nothing fresh to-night, pa!' Would that older members of society occasionally replied in words to that effect, for it has been known that the same experience has been given week after week.

On my father's side there are still more ministerial relations—my grandfather's name being especially well known. In fact, even now, when I am introduced to any one who knew him, or had heard him preach, a sort of reflected glory seems to shine about my unworthy self and I am treated with just that little added interest which is so delightful. The number of those who knew him is of course rapidly growing less, but the name will be one of the household words of Methodism for many years to come.

No, it is not the name which appears under the title of these memories.

There is a wonderful comradeship in the ministry, and not only amongst the ministers, but their wives and children.

Even now that I am a mere ordinary lay woman I keep that extra link that binds 'ministerials' together. If I mention to an incoming minister and his wife that I am a minister's daughter, there is nearly always a bond of sympathy which just makes the little difference. They know I know their life—their strangeness in a strange land, and their looking forward over this unknown country of 'the new circuit.'

It has been a source of great amusement to me in school and student days, and also more recently, to see the look of incredulity on the face of some acquaintance when it has been revealed that I am a Wesleyan Minister's daughter.

What idea has the average person formed of a minister's daughter, I wonder? Is she still expected to be of the early

Puritan type? Is it thought that she will be quoting texts and hymns on every possible and impossible occasion?

I remember once, a girl acquaintance said rather hesitatingly, 'I was cycling through Hilton and I saw your name up somewhere—can't think where——' She was evidently curious, but hardly dared to be more explicit in case it might be over a pawnshop!

'Yes,' I said, 'it is on the notice-board of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. My father is the minister.'

Gasps.

'Your father—a Wesleyan minister!'

'Yes,' triumphantly. 'Why not?'

'Well—er—I shouldn't have thought it—you—er—don't seem like one,' looking at me as if I were a human chameleon.

'What ought I to seem?'

'Well, I really don't quite know, but somehow—well, you haven't the *manners* of a Nonconformist!'

With this astounding statement she disappeared. But though her manners were, I hope, not my manners, I was quietly dropped from her acquaintanceship. Had she imagined I should be a kind of Miss Stiggins? I fancy she felt horribly taken in that she had ever deigned to notice one of those 'queer Wesleyans.'

The pronunciation of Wesleyan is still a shibboleth amongst us. Yet, in spite of a few disabilities in the life, I would not have been born anything else but a minister's daughter, even if I had had a say in the matter.

It is a trying life in many ways, but we cannot be accused of getting into ruts or of thinking that our own little bit of the world is the only bit.

'The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. Yea, I have a goodly heritage.' Some will smile, and say, 'Where is the goodly heritage?' Yes, I know it is true that after labouring for over forty years, never having known a real home of his own until he 'sat down,' my father received from the Connexion £40 to furnish it! Yet I have a goodly heritage in the memory of my father and mother, a grandfather and grandmother, and a great grandfather and grandmother who all carried out Wesley's ideal for his preachers:

'Go not to those who need you, but to those who need you most.'

The Well

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

LATE one Saturday night, young Jimmy Bates sat on an old milking-stool in the huge flagged kitchen of his father's farm. The boy was alone, and engaged in peeling potatoes, which he dropped one by one into a big earthenware pan of water at his side. Into a bucket between his knees he dropped the peelings, destined for the pigs. The boy was not sorry that his bad-tempered stepmother had gone to bed, but he wondered vaguely and a little uneasily where his father was. It was ten o'clock by the big clock that ticked stridently against a far wall in the shadows. A tallow candle, burning in a highly-polished flat brass candlestick on a large deal table, was the only light, except when a log shifted in the ingle-nook and set flying a crowd of sparks. The fire was burning out and the kitchen was cold. Rain and sleet made sudden dashes on the leaded panes of the windows, and a melancholy wind moaned round the house.

The boy, although fifteen years of age, felt somehow afraid. He longed to finish his work and climb up the stairs which were behind that old door in the wall opposite him. He wanted to shut himself inside the small bedroom, reached by a circuitous route, across landings, and through narrow passages. At night he hated this vast kitchen when alone in it; and every night he had to prepare all the vegetables for the next day's use before going to bed. He had not minded so much staying up when his sister Emily had been at home. He missed her badly since she had taken a situation in a draper's shop at Hastings. The iron rule of his stepmother had been more endurable when Emily and he were sharing their unhappiness. As for dad! Well, since Emily had gone he had been more weak-kneed, and melancholy, and silent. Jimmy's affection and sympathy for his father was not altogether without a spice of contempt. He wondered bitterly why his father could not rouse himself to make a determined stand against this woman's despotism.

The chief grievance of his stepmother, Jimmy knew, was the fact that his father did not make money. But what farmer did make money now? His grandfather, who had taken on the farm from his own prosperous father, had let the farm down. Now, it was just a large, very old farmhouse, with very little land

attached to it, and that land poor. The cows and the pigs, together with chickens, ducks, and geese, were all that the farm had now to yield any money. The fine old farmhouse was mortgaged up to the hilt.

'There's no doubt mother works hard,' Jimmy grudgingly acknowledged to himself, as he peeled away at his potatoes, 'but so does dad. He has no farm hands at all.'

The boy dropped his last potato into the water, and carried the pan into a big larder, afterwards clearing up carefully, lest his stepmother should find a spec of dirt on her clean floor when she came down in the morning and 'start a war.'

How it rained! and how full of strange noises the farm was at night! Loud noises there were, but the stealthy, soft noises he and Emily had always found the most terrifying. They had both been nervous at night in the many-roomed old house from the time they were small children. The feeling did not leave them when they grew older, though they had learned to hide it. Above all, the strange, hollow sound in some places in the floors of rooms which were not flagged like the kitchen, had inspired them with fear. There were many unused rooms in the house, and the children had found this queer hollow sound in some spot or other in most of them as they ran over the rough oak boards. There was one more pronounced than all the others in a dairy outside the house, and that floor was of bricks. This dairy was not used now, though in the great-grandfather's days—so the tale went—huge pans of milk had stood on the long stone benches which were supported by arches; and the thick cream had gathered on them, to be converted into the yellow butter, which had been jealously sought after.

Jimmy, after some consideration, left the candle burning as he started for bed. If dad came in he might stumble in the dark and 'start a war.' Jimmy would risk the chance of a rating for wasting the candle. He would risk stumbling himself in that long journey to the little bedroom, where he knew he should find his Sunday suit laid out, together with a clean shirt, collar, and socks. Oh! his stepmother never neglected these things!

On Monday he would find that old suit ready, which was only used when Jimmy helped Larry Jones in the slaughter-house. Mrs. Bates personally saw to these things now, just as when the children had been small. Then neither of them had ever been seen in a soiled pinafore.

Jimmy carefully lifted the latch of the door that covered the stairs, and opened it wide, revealing a flight of worm-eaten oak

steps,—but something more,—something that brought the boy's heart into his mouth. On the landing above stood Mrs. Bates, wearing a long ulster over her nightdress, which showed a white streak below it. She had in her hand a storm lantern alight.

'Jimmy,' said a harsh voice, 'where is your father?'

'I don't know,' he made answer.

'But I am going to know,' she pronounced, as she descended the stairs which creaked under her weight.

Jimmy watched her cross the kitchen, open the door which led out of it into the night, letting in a blast of wind and rain.

He hesitated only a moment. He would follow her. Poor dad! he might be weak-kneed,—but——.

The wind extinguished the candle on the table.

'All the better!' said Jimmy to himself. 'She won't see me follow. I'll stick up for dad if they do say I'm undersized.'

Out into the rain and wind the boy ran, a sack over his shoulders. Across the big yard he ran, following the beam from the storm lantern.

Mrs. Bates entered the stables, and then the cowsheds, emerging quickly from each. Then she made her way to the big barn, the light from her lantern for a moment illumining the great wooden canopy of an ancient well. Exploration of the barn took longer than the glance into the stables and the cowsheds.

Jimmy shivered as he pressed close to the old dairy wall, waiting.

'She'll search the dairy next, if dad isn't in the barn,' he told himself.

She was a long time in that barn!—or perhaps it only seemed long.

Growing more anxious, the boy crept towards the barn, and peeped through a nick in the door, which was 'put to' but not shut. He saw his stepmother searching among sacks of grain,—searching behind great dumps of turnips and potatoes. He saw her stumble against the machine which was used to cut up the roots for the cattle. He saw her raise her lantern and gaze into the billowing spiders' webs which festooned the rafters.

Then she made for the door with determined strides. Jimmy fled. The disused dairy would come next.

Behind the woman Jimmy crept. He saw her open the door, which dragged with a tearing sound over the brick floor, for it was heavy, and had sunk on its hinges.

Yes, dad was found, for the odour of shag tobacco came out into the night air.

Jimmy pressed close to a window where a broken pane would enable him to hear if dad should need him. He could see, too, through the network of spiders' webs.

His father was sitting on a bench with his pipe in his hand. He looked unkempt, pale, and wretched. His eyes had a hunted expression.

'Look here, James!' exclaimed Mrs. Bates, 'I won't put up with your ways! Out here smoking when you've a good bed to come to; and when you've got to be up at six o'clock to milk. You are afraid of getting a talking-to about that well, I expect. You won't escape it by stopping out here, so I warn you!'

'You won't let me smoke indoors,' Bates said weakly.

'No, that I won't!' she made answer. 'But it beats me why you want to smoke when any decent man would be in bed. It's my death of cold I'll be taking coming out after you in this rain and sleet. Much you care! I work my fingers to the bone, and you are such a worm of a man, you can't even stir yourself to make this place pay. By your own showing your great-grandfather made the farm pay. It's the same farm. You have got no go in you! Why did I ever marry you!'

The worm turned.

'Why did I ever marry *you*!' he retorted, rising from the bench and facing her.

'I'll tell you,' she made answer, stepping up closer to him. 'You wanted a good housekeeper, and some one to bring up your ill-mannered children. You wanted a good cook. You wanted the two hundred pounds I had in savings. What have you given me? Hard work, and not a new frock for five mortal years. I hate the sight of you, and I hate your ill-mannered children. I am glad Emily is gone. She had to be dressed-up, even if I went without.'

'You handle all the money there is,' he reminded her with some spirit. 'You got Emily's clothes.'

'Yes,' she spat out, 'I won't have folks say I neglect those children. I never have; nor the house; and I allow you tobacco, though you keep me awake of nights while you stop out here smoking it. You are no sort of a husband. I've nothing but contempt for a man who can't make a decent living, and keep his family as it ought to be kept. But about that well. Sir John Laverdy wants to buy that canopy to put up in his place, and is ready to pay good money for it, and you won't sell it. You jolly well have got to sell it. What good is it to you?'

'It's like tearing my heart out to part with it—I can't!' he

cried with vehemence. 'That old canopy! Why, it's a bit of the dead-and-gone. Three hundred years it has stood over that well; and them words carved deep in the wood that all my dead-and-gone used to read, and as I read every day as comes—

WHOSO THIRSTS MAY DRINK.

'Why, it's like an old friend speaking to me when I read them words! No, woman! I won't let Sir John Laverdy have that canopy. Now you have my answer for good and all. I give in to you unaccountable. You've bossed this show, so you have! I allow you keep the house clean, and cook fine, and have kept the children clean and tidy. I allow all that! But you've made the lot of us miserable no more for that, and I tell you right now, that you'll never make me sell the canopy that's over my well.'

'I'll see about that!' Mrs. Bates declared. 'If you don't sell it, I'll pull it down, and burn it with my own hands!'

James Bates' eyes flashed dangerously.

'If you do I'll not answer for what I'll do to you!' he retorted.

Jimmy, seeing his stepmother stride towards the door, fled to the house, and upstairs to his bedroom, where he sat panting upon his small camp-bed.

He was jubilant, although frightened. Dad had at last showed fight. To him it was glorious that his father had thrown off his shackles for once, and asserted himself. Oh! if only Emily were here that they could rejoice together!

To-morrow would be Sunday, and sometimes on Sunday Emily came to see her father and him. Mrs. Bates often went out on Sunday to see a relative in Hastings.

On this particular Sunday, Mrs. Bates never left the house. She cooked a good dinner on Saturdays so that there should be plenty of cold food for Sunday. She had done so as usual this week-end. Yet she stayed in. Moreover, she had put on her black silk dress in the afternoon, which looked as if she expected some one. It was certainly not for Emily that the black silk was donned, though Emily came in about 3 o'clock, to be greeted by the order, 'You be off out for a walk, Emily, and take Jimmy. It's fine enough to-day; and your father's out till tea at half-past four.'

'Where's dad gone?' asked Emily suspiciously.

'What's that got to do with you, I'd like to know?' snapped her stepmother. 'All the same, I may as well tell you. He's gone to see Larry Jones about a rise for Jimmy. I sent him. If Jimmy stays on here he'll have to start paying for his food. I

can't keep a great lad here who earns no more than his clothes. Larry ought to take him outright to "live in." He's got room. Now, you two, be off. I want quiet.'

Emily glanced at her stepmother sitting in a large, high-backed chair near the blazing logs in the ingle-nook, tossed her pretty head, and departed in search of Jimmy, who had gone out to feed the pigs, an overall covering the suit in which he had been to chapel in the morning. She found him just finishing his task.

He looked up joyously at sight of his sister.

'I say, Emm!' he cried, 'I've some fine news! Come into the barn, we'll sit on some sacks, and I'll tell you.'

He placed an empty bucket down and wiped his hands on his overall.

'You can take that off, Jimmy,' Emily told him. 'We are ordered off for a walk. *She* has got some one coming we're not supposed to see.'

Jimmy whistled. 'Oh!' he exclaimed. 'Then that's why she sent dad off!'

'And she's got her black silk dress on,' added Emily.

'Well, come into the barn,' Jimmy said, with an air of mystery. 'I've a bit to tell you. I don't think we'll go for no walk. I mean to see who comes.'

The two entered the great barn and seated themselves on a pile of sacks on the threshing floor.

'Dad turned on her last night,' the boy whispered.

'No!' exclaimed Emily, smiling till two dimples showed on her cheeks. Her eyes danced. 'Did he really and truly?'

'Yes, gospel truth, Emm. It was over the canopy of our well. Sir John Laverdy has a fancy for it, and offered a big price for it. She wants dad to sell it. He up and said he wouldn't. She said if he didn't sell it she'd break it up, and burn it with her own hands; and he said he wouldn't answer for what he'd do to her if she did. I couldn't believe my ears.'

'You didn't go to sleep and dream all that now, did you, Jimmy?' Emily asked.

'No!—that I did not!' he answered with indignation.

'Well, if only dad keeps it up, there is hope,' rejoined Emily. 'Why, even Larry Jones said dad's wife rode rough-shod over him.'

'So she always has, Emm,' retorted Jimmy. 'She wants to get me out of the house now. I want to go. But I can't bear the thought of leaving dad to face the music.'

'She's just told me you'll have to pay your keep if you stay,'

Emily told him. 'She said she'd sent dad to Larry Jones about a rise for you, and about taking you to "live in."'

'What's that!'

It was Jimmy who spoke, and he crept to the barn door, which was open a nick. One moment he listened at the nick; then he beckoned to his sister who rose from the sacks and joined her brother. Together the two stared through the nick of the door.

Mrs. Bates and a strange man were standing by the old well.

'You must take down the canopy without injuring it more than you can possibly help,' they heard their stepmother say. 'You must do it quietly, for my husband is not well, and I shall keep him in bed for two days. I have a cowman coming to do his work. You can tell Sir John that my husband is not well enough to write, but that he has decided to sell him the canopy as he has set his heart on it. I sent for you, Mr. Heron, because I have heard you have exceptionally good workmen. You must start at daybreak to-morrow.'

There was a sudden movement in the neighbourhood of some stacks of potatoes near the door. The boy and girl started. They turned affrightedly. All was still. Then the stranger departed.

The brother and sister found themselves holding each other's hands as they had been wont to do as little children when they were frightened.

'What did she mean, Emm, by telling that lie about father being ill and going to be kept in bed? He was just as usual when he went out.'

'I'll tell you,' said a voice unmistakably their father's, from behind the potato pile.

The man himself emerged from his hiding place, standing erect. His whole attitude had changed. No one could have called him 'weak-kneed' now.

'I will tell you!' he repeated. 'Your stepmother means to drug my tea. She means to keep me drugged till that canopy is carried off. She's set on money, that's what she is. I won't touch a bite or sup in the house to-night nor to-morrow. I'll live on cow's milk. To-morrow morning I'll be by that well. Yes, I'll be by that well, and the man that lays a finger on that canopy'll have me to deal with.'

'Bully for you, dad!' cried Jimmy.

'Yes, you stick up for yourself, dad!' Emily said.

'That's what I will do,' Bates told them. 'I heard it all, same as you did. I ain't a-going to stand no more of her domineering ways! Going to drug me, is she? I don't think

so! She can take herself off, if she don't like it! I know she's made a "stocking" for herself, handling all the money; and she's still got that two hundred pounds she had when I married her! Sweet as honey she was till she'd got me fast tied-up. I've been a fool to put up with her ways. Now I'll teach her that a worm can turn! She's called me a worm often enough—once too often, maybe. She wanted to get me out of the way to-day so particular that I smelt a rat. I made out to go; but I came back to watch. Something told me there was some hanky-panky afloat. I saw you two come into the barn, and I heard all you said too. I am glad Jimmy heard our "set-to" in the old dairy. You've neither of you heard me say a word against her till now. I'd made my bed and was fool enough to think I'd got to lie on the lumps.'

'And you will lie on them, you creature calling yourself a man!' came in an enraged voice through the suddenly-opened door of the barn.

Mrs. Bates stood there, scarlet with passion—stood there in her best black silk dress, menacing in her height and bulk.

'Evesdropper! deceitful backbiter! I'll show you who is master!' she shouted. 'Come out here, and I'll show you!—and those deceitful children of yours shall never darken my doors again.'

'Your doors!' exclaimed her husband. 'This place is mine, and here my children stay till I choose to let them go. You've got to pull down your flag, woman. I heard everything. *You won't drug me, don't you think it!*'

The colour left her face, but her anger was augmented.

She raised her hand as if to strike him. Emily rushed in front of her father and received the blow. It was the first she had ever received from her stepmother.

Suddenly the undersized Jimmy pushed her violently away from the doorway, while Bates came up to her very unpleasantly close. She seemed to take some mad resolve.

With her powerful grip she pinioned her husband and pushed him before her into the old dairy. Possibly her idea was to lock him in there till he came to reason—even to tie him up with the rope she had seen there. Emily and Jimmy hung on to her skirts till the silk rent, and she was free.

They saw her with her enormous strength take her husband off his feet, and literally carry him half way into the dairy. Then something happened. The boy and girl remembered it ever afterwards as a sort of nightmare. *The floor gave way.*

With a shriek of terror, Mrs. Bates found herself hanging on to the brickwork of the floor, with hands that dug into the treacherous, yielding crevices. Only her head was visible. Her body was below, suspended above a yawning pit, from which strange, nauseating, asphyxiating fumes were rising.

The attitude of the other three changed completely. Their only thought was to save her. Bates dropped down on the floor at full length, and firmly grasped one of her arms, calling to Jimmy to lie down and hang on to the other, while Emily fetched help.

Then Jimmy remembered the strong rope he had flung into the dairy the day before.

'Bring the rope, Emily, quick!' he shouted. 'It is on the bench.'

Emily brought it instantly, and Jimmy made it fast round his stepmother's body, then he passed the ends round the strong oak pillar which, in days long gone, had been placed at the far end of the dairy to support a sagging roof.

Perspiration poured from the face of Bates as he relaxed his hold of his wife's arm, and he painfully rose to his feet.

'You are quite safe, Deborah,' he told her soothingly. 'Don't worry, we'll soon have you up.'

But it was no easy job. Mrs. Bates was very heavy, and the united efforts of the three on the rope failed to bring her to the surface. Moreover, the fumes which ascended were already beginning to render her unconscious.

'Emily, run indoors, and fetch that drop of brandy we keep for illness. Run for your life!' cried her father. 'The poor creature must be saved.'

The girl ran like the wind, and soon returned with a small bottle and a cup.

'Look here, dad, I'll race off to Sir John's and get help,' said Jimmy. 'That's the nearest place.'

'Do, Jimmy—run your best,' answered his father, as he held the cup to the lips of his wife, and coaxed her to drink. 'Drink this do, you poor dear,' he urged. 'It won't be much longer, and you can't fall.'

She drank, and seemed a little revived, but her face was as those of the dead. If the rope cut into her flesh she seemed unaware of it, yet Bates and Emily felt the pain these ropes caused in themselves, in some strange way, as they told each other afterwards. They told each other, too, that the pity they then felt for this poor creature killed all their resentment against

her. Her sagging head, her hands blackening by reason of the pressure of the ropes; the body hanging over the unknown depths. It was pitiful.

Gently Bates bathed the blanched face with cold water, while Emily bathed the blackened hands.

It seemed an eternity before Jimmy arrived with Sir John Laverdy's muscular gardener. But really it was not long before Mrs. Bates was rescued, and carried to her bed, and Dr. Farquar was in attendance.

'She will be none the worse, really,' he told Bates. 'But of course she will suffer from shock for a time. It is monstrous that it should not be compulsory to put on record the exact spot of every covered-up well! Sir John's gardener says your wife was hanging over a forty-foot well! That dairy was built right over it. There are lots of old wells just boarded-up and left till they are grown-over and forgotten. It is a miracle your wife did not fall to the bottom. Had she done so nothing could have saved her.'

The woman, lying with closed eyes, was conscious enough to hear all this. She was conscious enough to register a vow.

She had been rescued from the jaws of death by the husband she had despised; by the children she had hated. Oh! God had given her another chance. By His help, James Bates should have a different woman for his wife, a gentle, loving woman; and his children should have a loving mother.

Dr. Farquar had gone.

Emily crept up to the bedside, and laying a gentle hand on her stepmother's brow, said, 'Now, don't worry any, mother. I'll stop here till you are all right, and I'll see to everything same as you do. Redfern's are nice people, and kind; they'll let me stop a day or two, I know.'

'Coals of fire! coals of fire!' muttered Mrs. Bates, two tears stealing down her blanched face.

Then Jimmy came in with a hot water-bottle for her feet.

Brother and sister then left the bedchamber that they might see to things downstairs.

James Bates pulled up a chair close to the bed, and sat down. 'You poor dear!' he whispered, pity making his voice tremulous.

She turned, and gave him a look such as he had never before seen in her eyes. The eyes were soft and tender, but there was pain in them too.

'James, light your pipe,' she said, in a weak voice. 'I'd like to smell tobacco.'

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

I. CHAUCER.

IT was well for the poetry, the literature, and the music of our country that during the reign of the third Edward the French language, which had so long prevailed, was giving way to the new and composite speech which has now become our national tongue. Well was it, too, that Geoffrey Chaucer, 'that worshipful man, who ought eternally to be remembered,' as Caxton speaks of him, was at hand to shape for his countrymen a language which, despite its archaisms, can still delight by its freshness, its power, and its music. More than that, he has sketched in his poems, and specially in his *Canterbury Tales*, a series of characters which are typical of his day, and which his skill presents in ever living and lively guise. Although connected with the Court, his sympathies and knowledge extend far beyond its limited range, and he knew the miller, the various church officers, and the clerk, just as well as he knew the knight and the squire. Some of the tales that his pilgrims relate may deal with foreign lands and classic myth, but their setting is in England throughout. The scenes he describes are English scenes, and the musical instruments used in illustration are such as he saw and heard around him.

What we know of the music of the fourteenth century is gained almost entirely from the works of Chaucer and his great contemporaries, Piers Langland and Stephen Gower. But it is to the first-named that we are most deeply indebted, for his genius was universal, and he could adapt it to themes of wonderful variety. In his wide outlook he could appreciate beauty in nature and in art, and in his poems he gives us the results of a matured experience and an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of his time.

Whether he was a skilled player on any of the instruments he mentions we have no means of knowing, but he was evidently well acquainted with them, and knew their capabilities. From the *Tales* we learn much of the social life of the people of his time, and it is very evident that the love of music, both instrumental and vocal, was prevalent in England during the latter half of the fourteenth century.

It is difficult to reconcile the state of England at this period with the pictures Chaucer gives us of country life as he knew it. The terrible plague known as the Black Death had ravaged

the country from north to south. England had been engaged in a series of devastating wars with France, and the people were groaning under the weight of a heavy taxation in consequence. We may complain that the roads to-day are not particularly safe for travellers, but they are, at any rate, well kept, and thus they are in strong contrast to the highways of Chaucer's time, which were infested by wayfarers of all kinds: peasants out of work, begging friars, pilgrims and merchants, strolling musicians and play-actors, whilst in the woods lurked a motley crowd of all degrees from cut-purse to hermit.

'The Canterbury Tales.'

The design of *The Canterbury Tales* is well known. The shrine of Thomas à Becket was the great resort of faithful churchmen for two or more centuries after his murder, and accordingly Chaucer represents his characters as assembling at the Tabard Inn preparatory to starting on their journey. The famous old inn, which was a few yards to the south of London Bridge, has long been replaced by a modern hostelry, but the name remains, and it is also perpetuated in a district close by, through which the travellers would pass.

As they journey on their way they beguile the time by taking it in turn to tell stories. These *Tales* told by the pilgrims are full of interest. Merriment, love of nature, the songs of birds, the glory of Mayday as heralding the summer, praise for good deeds, hatred of evil thoughts, sympathy with suffering, all find a place here. He gives us, in his poems, a picture of the social life of his time which affords us a vivid insight into the manners and customs of the period, and the music historian reaps a rich harvest of information by a careful perusal of his works. Nearly every one of the *Tales*, and almost all Chaucer's other works, contain allusions to music, and suggest how widespread the interest in music was in those days. We know but little of the actual melodies in use, but those that have survived are full of life and energy, greatly excelling in interest the mournful notes of the old church tones.

Music of the Birds.

The pilgrims start away from the Tabard Inn on a fine morning in April, when

smale fowles maken melodie,

and here we have at once the keynote to Chaucer's love of music, and of the songs of the birds. His references elsewhere are numerous. He tells us how he was roused up one morning

With smalle fowles a great heap,
 that had affray'd me out of my sleep
 through noise and sweetness of their song;
 And as we met (dreamed) they sat among
 Upon my chamber roof without,
 Upon the tiles o'er all about;
 And ever each sunge in his wise
 the most sweet and solemn service
 By note that ever man I trow
 Had heard, for some of them sang low,
 Some high, and all of one accord,
 To tellen shortly, as one word.

As the pilgrims proceed they note

the busy lark, the messenger of day,

and birds accompany them on their journey; they hear the swallow 'chittering,' and the magpies follow them as they go, whilst the song of the mavis fills the air with its notes. The magpie evidently had a character for impudence, for the miller's wife at Trumpington was 'pert as any pye.'

It must have been a brave sight to see the start of the cavalcade, leaving the old Tabard Inn and setting forth on their venturesome journey. Thomas Stothard, in his famous picture, shows the miller leading the way, mounted on his palfrey and playing his pipes.

A baggepipe could he blow and soun,
 And therewithal he brought us out of towne.

A curious reason has been assigned for the presence of the bagpipes. When a party of pilgrims were on their way to some selected shrine, a bagpiper was always one of the company. When, as doubtless often happened, one of the pilgrims kicked his foot against a stone and caused it to bleed, then a cure was effected by singing a song, or calling the bagpiper to play a merry tune. This early recognition of the healing powers of music is frequently overlooked by learned writers on the subject.

The Singers.

These pilgrims were indeed a musical lot; the Knight and the Prioress could both of them sing, the Friar could play the flute, and whilst the Pardoner sang 'Come hither, love, to me,' the Summoner accompanied him with a booming bass,

Was never trump of half so great a soun.

Chaucer gives us the titles of some of the songs of his day, and others have also been preserved, but the melodies are lost. Dr. Burney suggested that 'such loss may be supported without

much affliction,' but the good doctor certainly did not anticipate the coming of the folk-song cult.

Those were the times when Robin Hood and his merry men were scouring the country, but their deeds were not as yet enshrined in ballads. Nor was the story of fair Rosamund, or the battle of Chevy Chase, which belong to this period, nor the doleful ballad of the 'Babes in the Wood,' which is of unknown antiquity, but which has for centuries made the robin redbreast a sacred bird in this country.

The Prioress was also one of the singers, but she seems to have had what we should now certainly consider a very unpleasant intonation when she bore her part in church,

Full well she sange the service divine,
Entuned in her nose full swetely.

Amongst other references to singing is the skill of the carpenter's wife,

But of her song it was as loud and yerne (lively),
As any swallow chittering on a barne.

But perhaps the most attractive singer is the subject of these lines

I saw her dance so comelily,
Carol and sing so swetely,
Laugh and play so womanly;

musical words which portray an engaging picture of an English lass, and one would like to know what her song was.

The Wife of Bath.

We have little, if any, information of the every-day life of the music lover. Who was it who taught the young squire his gamut

Singing he was, or floyting (fluting) all the day,
and he was something of a composer, too.

He ande songes make, and well endite,
Juste (fence) and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.

Of how many young squires of to-day could this be said? The Wife of Bath knew her music, that is if we can believe her story; probably we can, for she made no effort to disguise the truth. She tells her fellow pilgrims that when she was young, she was 'joly as a pye,' and adds

Lord! how coud I dance to a harp smale,
And syng y-wise as any nightingale.

only one regrets to note that she found it necessary to have a 'draught of sweet wine' first!

[To be continued]

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

I. BY REASON OF MUCH ASKING

THIS bulky old portfolio of mine, which I unearthed from an almost forgotten trunk, during a 'turn-out' of a big old attic at the top of my house, I found contained among the water-colour and pencil sketches, quite a lot of sketches of another kind. I had written out odd stories and impressions that had come to me without the seeking, while travelling about, at home and abroad, following my bent—that of water-colour drawing.

After a day with my paint-brushes and my colour-box, I often spent my evenings in writing down incidents that had interested me during the day. Sometimes the woman who had allowed me to have a bedroom in her thatched cottage, and her 'best parlour' all to myself, would come in and quite unconsciously make a contribution to my collection of stories and incidents.

Those were dear days, and in them I learned a lot I had never even guessed at; and my view-point changed in many ways—I think for the better. Poor country folk are full of an unthought-out wisdom—those of them who have remained simple, and unspoiled from the invasions of town-dwellers.

At the time my portfolio was filled, there were no charabancs penetrating into sweet sequestered countrysides, and giving of 'the tree of knowledge' that which has destroyed many an Eden.

Some of my pen-sketches were grave; some were gay; some were tragic. Yet, somehow, I felt, in these out-of-the-way tiny hamlets, that God still walked in the garden at eventide.

On one bright morning in spring, my bicycle had carried me and my sketching outfit a long distance from the straggling hamlet which was for the moment my head-quarters. I began to feel hungry, and seeing a little inn with some wooden tables and benches under spreading trees outside, I entered, and asked for some coffee and eggs, with the home-made bread and fresh butter, I knew could be had in that county at almost any inn.

Outside, seated at one of the long, bare tables, I waited for my meal, and soon found myself vastly interested in the conversation of two middle-aged women, who were accompanied by a podgy, red-faced little girl, about ten years old. They had a dish of cooked ham before them, and a huge loaf of bread. Also a pot of tea, capable of filling their cups many times.

I soon gathered that these two women had not met for many

years, and that they had been born and bred in the same village. They were reaping up old memories. One had, it would seem, remained in their birthplace. The other had gone far afield. The mother of the child (I knew her to be so from the strong likeness) had remained in the village. She was the one of whom so many questions were asked, which were so eagerly answered.

The child showed no interest in anything except the dish of ham. She had finished all on her plate and wanted more. Rhythmically she interpolated her request for ham, not crying or shouting, but with a dogged insistence. This is what I heard.

'So Bill married 'Becca after all! I never thought he would; he was so slow making up his mind. It was as if he had been so comfortable-like doing for himself he was frightened of a change.'

'I want some more 'am.'

'Yes, that's true, Sarah, but you and me always thought 'Becca would get him, didn't we? She didn't do much, but she kept her hold tight, and she never tried to force him. She made his shirts, I remember, and she looked after him when he got laid-up that lambing-time when the weather was so bad. He had to be out with the sheep, and he took a fine chill.'

'I want some more 'am.'

'Well, Mary Ann, he might have done worse than marry 'Becca. She was a good, wholesome girl, and kind and hard-working. She was main good to her parents, too, till they died, and she went as servant to Brownlows, where Bill was shepherd.'

'I want some more 'am.'

'Yes, she was all right, 'Becca was, but all the same, I didn't think Bill would marry her, though he did walk out with her. What's become of the Simond girls? One of them—Hetty, was quite good-looking.'

'Ah, Sarah! now you've touched on trouble. Hetty went to London in service, and she met a man there who married her. He left her. It was a terrible business. For two years she struggled on, going again to service; and being, as you will remember, so proud, wrote home letters as if she was happy with her husband; and one day she came back to the village that thin and worn, you wouldn't have known her. She came home to die. She's buried next to old Crumpet, near the wall under that big old oak. Mary, her twin sister, is married to Ogden, the grocer. They have the Post Office.'

'I want some more 'am.'

'Who plays the church organ now?'

'Mr. Higginson, the schoolmaster. Him as followed Hartop,

the one you knew. The organ is got cranky, and they are trying to get money to do it up.'

'And Mrs. Haggerson, who kept the general shop?'

'Oh, she died; and her niece—you must remember Aggie?—that one with the big mole on her cheek—she had the business left to her. There was a pretty "to-do," for James Haggerson, Aggie's uncle, said he was sure it was left to him, and some one had done away with the will.'

'I want some more 'am.'

'And is old Simon still alive?'

'Yes, and what's more, he's a reformed character. He got religion, and you'd never believe how he's changed!'

'You don't say! Well, after that, I'll believe in any one reforming.'

'Is the old smithy still there?'

'Yes, and the very same cobwebs, I do believe! Young Cross does the work now. Old Cross is past it.'

'I want some more 'am.'

Suddenly the two women turned their eyes on the child—and upon her empty plate.

'Oh, the poor lamb!' cried the woman who was quite evidently her mother. 'Here have we two been talking and taking no notice of her.'

She piled ham upon the child's plate, as she said, 'Some children would have cried and screamed! My poor little Emmie is wonderful patient!'

I, who had watched it all, saw that the child had been patient, knowing that if she kept on long enough she would gain her end.

And I remember a Bible story, of one who by reason of much asking had gained what she desired, and I thought how often some of us cease to pray for something, because our prayer seems to be unanswered. To cease to pray is almost to abandon faith. God sometimes keeps us waiting for His own good reasons. But we must continue to pray. God never yet left a pure prayer unanswered. It must be for our good that sometimes we have to wrestle in prayer—clamour for an answer. *Persistence* in prayer is a certain and sure way to obtain an answer. If we always got an instant answer, we might think only of the thing we had received, and forget the Giver!

God has wonderful ways of drawing men to Him, and one is, it maybe, the delayed answer to prayer, which puts our faith to the test. We must keep on asking. If what we ask for is good for us, or for others for whom we ask a boon—we shall get it.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

A Stimulating Volume.

BOOKS that possess human interest, literary merit, or spiritual inspiration, are always sure of a wide constituency, and *The Great Realities*, by Samuel J. Hoban is no exception to the rule. For the general reader the volume is full of wise counsel, illuminating thoughts on objects that are common to us all, and allusions culled from the fruitful field of literature, while for the preacher it offers a mine of suggestiveness for straight, practical talks. The topics cover a wide area; the style of their treatment naturally varies, but the author's purpose is always to 'make the living Christ more real.' With charm of diction there is blended reverent thinking and the setting of old truths in a new light. The secret which will make men living witnesses to the power of the Spirit is revealed. Luther affirmed, 'it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience.' As the reader travels through these pages he will realize the truth of the author's contention, which though approached from many angles, is the same in each sermon. The book has a radiant outlook on life, which is not the result of a shallow optimism, but of an experimental knowledge of the love of God which Mr. Hoban invites others to share with him. There is a message here for men and women in every walk of life (3s. 6d. net).

Christian Perfection Explained.

In what exactly Christian Perfection consists has long exercised the minds of theologians and all those who take an interest in the historical development of religion. At first sight it may perhaps seem a question of merely academic interest, but there can be no doubt the author of *The Doctrine of Christian Perfection* (Harold W. Perkins, B.A., D.D.), is right when he says, 'it would be a real gain to the Church, in its endeavour to express the Christian consciousness if some inquiries were made into the sources from which the idea of Evangelical Perfection has sprung, together with some survey of the historical developments which it has undergone.' The mystical element in religion has not suffered from any lack of attention, but the subject of 'Christian Perfection' has been strangely neglected.

The thesis which was approved for the Degree of Doctor of

BOOK CHAT

Divinity in the University of London, is therefore a more than usually valuable contribution to a fresh aspect of theological knowledge. It is a scholarly examination of a theme around which much discussion centres at the present time. Of devotional literature there has been a rich supply, but for anything in the nature of a doctrinal statement of Christian Perfection search will largely be made in vain. Dr. Perkins defines Christian Perfection as 'a spiritual state, mediated by the Holy Spirit, in which the believer in Christ has a full assurance of his redemption through the Blood of Christ, and enjoys unbroken communion with the love of God.' With much skill he proves that 'the desire for a state of perfect attainment is extremely widespread, and that such attainment is an inalienable part of the Gospel revealed in Christ.' Treasures are brought out from the classic past and laid at the feet of readers as the light and beauty of the inheritance bequeathed are revealed by the author. The sources from which the idea sprung are indicated with clear thinking and cogent reasoning. All those who take an intelligent interest in Church history, and who would understand many of the religious and other tendencies actively at work in the unrest of to-day should make a point of securing this book (8s. 6d. net.)

The Holy Spirit in the Mediaeval Church.

This book, price 12s. net, is a masterly survey of 'the thousand years which separate the Ancient Church from the Modern,' and indicates the foundation of modern thought concerning the Person and work of the Holy Spirit, and His place in the Triune Life of God. The volume is evidently the fruit of an original mind, and is both suggestive and authoritative.

Mr. Watkin-Jones commences his study with the Carolingian Renaissance and the preparatory period of Scholasticism which paved the way for the second main period of about two hundred years, from the close of the eleventh century to the close of the thirteenth century. This period saw the rise of the Papacy until, in the thirteenth century, it reached high water mark under Innocent III, 'the greatest of all mediaeval popes, whose authority and influence outclassed even those of Gregory VII.' These years saw the emergence of Thomas Aquinas, whose *Summa Theologica* 'still remains the great standard of Roman Catholic teaching.' The pre-Reformation period affords the author an opportunity to diagnose the subtle interplay of forces and the cross-currents of conflicting purposes which he does

BOOK CHAT

with efficiency and clearness. These lead up to the doctrine of justification by faith, which Luther proclaimed as the great spiritual message of the Reformation. That event with its immediate results demands a section apart. Mr. Watkin-Jones shows how in its inception 'it was directed not against the Church but against the corruptions of the Church.' His observations help us to understand why the Reformation played such a vital part not only in the religion of this country, but of Europe as a whole. One of the chief features of the movement 'was its championship of Scriptural authority against Church authority upheld as this had been by the subtleties of men who thought more of Aristotle than of Scripture.' The chapter dealing with the theology of English Protestantism will be of especial value to students of history as 'unlike the Reformation in Germany or Switzerland, the Reformation in England was essentially secular.' The study closes with the summary of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit in the Mediaeval Church. 'The mystery of the Trinity,' says the author 'is an article of faith because reason can draw no other inference from Scripture.'

The volume is conspicuous for its clarity, richness of spiritual content and mastery of workmanship on an aspect of Christian Teaching which has exercised the minds of scholars throughout the centuries.

'Pooling the Church Finance.'

The problems of Church finance have long taxed the ingenuity and engaged the attention of ministers and laymen alike. Various schemes have been suggested and various solutions offered to a question the difficulty of which tends to increase. Articles have appeared on the subject in the religious press and elsewhere. *Pooling the Church Finance*, by H. Mudie Draper, is a pamphlet which contains valuable proposals on this vexed theme. The method outlined has stood the test of practical experience and 'is an adaptation of that which is employed in the Connexional Common Cash. It consists in having one banking account for *all* the funds of any particular Church.' One of the many advantages of the plan is its simplicity. No elaborate machinery is needed, the committee to be set up consisting merely of the society stewards, the trustees' treasurer, the poor steward who handles the poor money, and the treasurer of every other fund. This Committee has no power to spend money, nor to say how money is to be spent, its simple function being to receive, keep an account of, and pay out money to the

BOOK CHAT

various treasurers on demand. That his observations are not merely of theoretical interest the author proves by citing a Church where the several funds had adverse balances on which interest had to be paid. Other funds in that Church with separate banking accounts had credit balances. All these were merged in the one banking account and credits more than balanced the debits so that instead of having two or three overdrafts not one was owing for the time being. The merits of the system are plain, and we recommend the officials of our Churches carefully to read this very sensible manual on a question that bristles with difficulties.

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The problem of who is to fill the vacancy is solved by a cousin, George Lindon, but the settlement of the case had results which the hero of the story did not foresee. It is a long time before the tangled skein is finally unravelled. There are unexpected complications and subtle interplay of temperament, and with artistic imagination the writer gradually gathers up all the side-issues into a complete whole. Dramatic situations arise which give scope for vividness of presentation, but these do not obscure the thread of unity which runs through the narrative. An impressive picture is given of the conditions that obtain in the bush country of the island continent, and in every way this volume maintains the high standard set by the previous books from the same pen.

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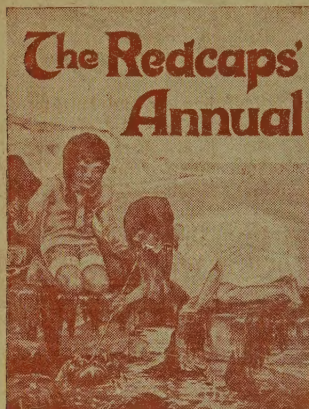
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